



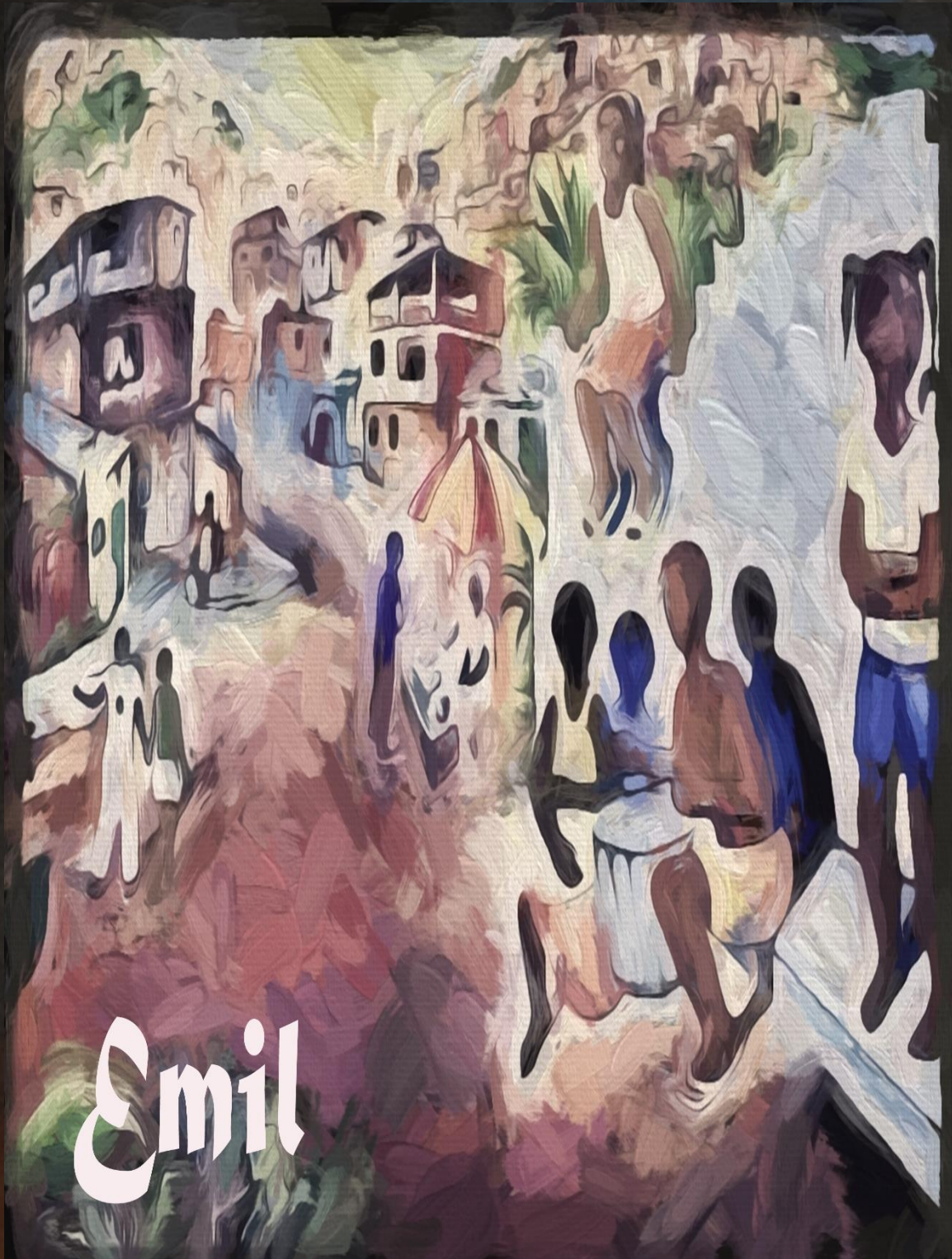
San Francisco

ALLEY SURFING IN THE MISSION DISTRICT

Emil

DAY TRIP TOURS – WWWG Productions Ltd. Singapore
JUNE 2018 Copyright

EMIL LAND REVISITED



GREETINGS FROM THE LAND EMIL FORGOT!

We met yet again, on these distant sands of the need to take my duties as Emil's editor more serious as the books are starting to sell and with more readership comes the grammar Nazis.

They have swiftly descended down upon me with their long pens of correction drawn and dripping massive volumes of blood red correction ink.

Circling me, they do and in a cult like chanting mantra about dangling paragraphs and even more archaic English grammar phraseology that died in the waning days of the British Raj or back when people actually still read real books made of paper, spit and glue.

I must admit that will have laid total waste to the written English Language and I am the first to complain that Emil is incapable of writing a complete sentence in any language!

But, if you shudder at our wanton distaste for any rules or sentence order, you are not an Emil Fan! Emil writes in a spoken, conversational format that mirrors how Emil actually tells a story...as I always say, "the fleas come with the dog!"

Seine Lagone

ATTENTION K-MART SHOPPERS! CAMPERS!



A FOUND HOWDY DO TO ALL MY CAMPERS BUDS!!!
Rarely do I feel any overwhelming or compelled need to raise up in defense of WWWG but, Seine and I have been friends for a large chunk of change during the past century and even though, in this new century, we have had a slightly rocky time after we went from being partners at WWWG (then, I cashed out to invest in Iraqi Dinars - don't start on me too...it was an interesting trip) and after Seine become my boss things have drifted us apart, mostly after he hired his wife's second or third cousin to be his accountant...

Yes! He hired Mister Chucky and everything has been sideways since then! This Mister Chucky represents everything bad that you have ever come to identify accountants as...

ATTENTION K-MART SHOPPERS! CAMPERS!



in fact, he has turn their natural incline towards evilness into pure art form! He has achieved more havoc, created unneeded, senseless debuts that lends itself only to driving a bigger wedge in-between Seine and me that two world wars and countless, other adventures throughout the Third World never could. Thus, it was somewhat surprising that I would react has I am due to my concern of unjust deeds committed by the vicious critical attacks upon Seine by someone who should have never spent the three dollars (US FUNDS) to by one of my books and who for whatever reason(s) they were driven to deal with their own personal language grammar demons by ripping Seine a new one. REALLY?

ATTENTION K-MART SHOPPERS! CAMPERS!



That is what I thought when I read the latest telex from WWWG about Mister Chuckie's command and by his rude command that I improve, instantly, that I endeavor to improve on my grammar skill set...

He was shouted it all in caps!

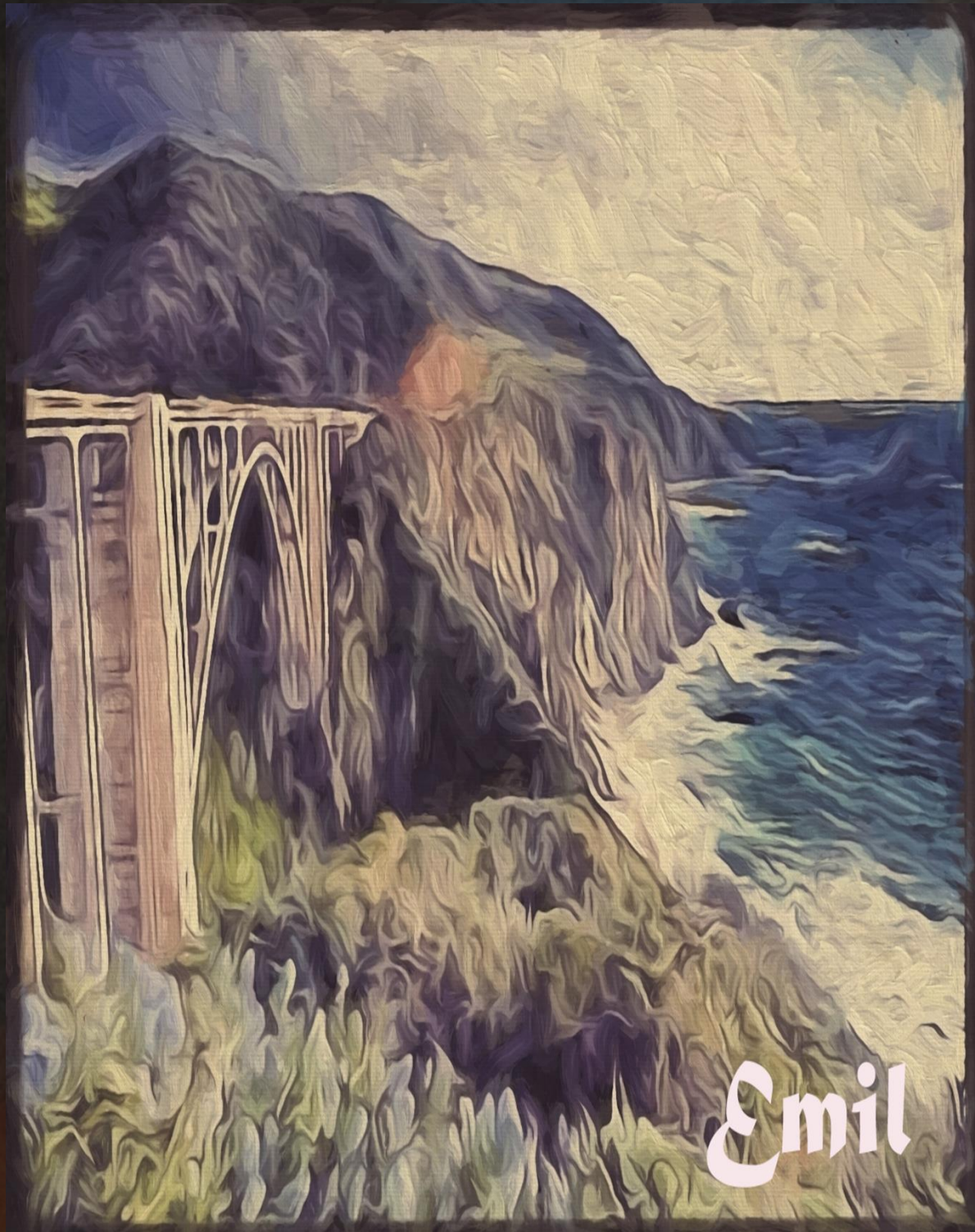
Shouted it...out me, he was shouting and barking orders like he was my new master...

Mind you, I do not respond well to this kind of direct approach!!

I was rather taken back by the crudeness and confounded by the rudeness of his shrill demand that I learn to write in English so that angry customers will leave Seine alone.

My answer to him was rather short and in retrospect, might have bordered on being too straight forward in my first response.

ATTENTION K-MART SHOPPERS! CAMPERS!



I submit that on second thought, it could be seen as being in bad form and further thought of these events lead me to conclude that Seine might not get it and feel compelled to take Mister Chucky's side...as Seine said that Mister Chucky just defending and supporting him.

Yes, I do admit that there is the issue of my constant rudeness towards Chucky and I submit, that he can't let go of all those times that I had pleaded with Seine to can (fire) him, just let him go...I offered to help him pack and was kind enough to bring my own boxes for him to pack his stuff up in...

"A lift to the airport old boy?"

I was always ready to offer up my kind assistance in helping to relocating him outside of WWWG.

ATTENTION K-MART SHOPPERS! CAMPERS!



And, it is true that I might have once mentioned, offered the use of the old guy from New Orleans, an old friend to me and numerous wise guys in the local Italian Benefactor's Organization...I might have offered to have him, discreetly, fly to Singapore and take Mister Chucky out to feed the gators...

I loved that old guy, he was a staple down in the Quarter and in many ways, he was a great role model especially as he had tooled his trade down here for over 40 years in a city where longevity is counted in weeks rather than years...to all of us in the younger generation, he was the very version of what a made-man was meant to be.

I asked the old man once while we were wasting a couple of daylight hours in the

ATTENTION K-MART SHOPPERS! CAMPERS!



corner booth of the bar as we waited for the rain to stop, I ask him to explain what the secret of his long career was.

He pause, thought and then with a wink, he said,

“No matter how many midnight ride I took out to Lake Pontchartrain to feed them mighty hungry gators...

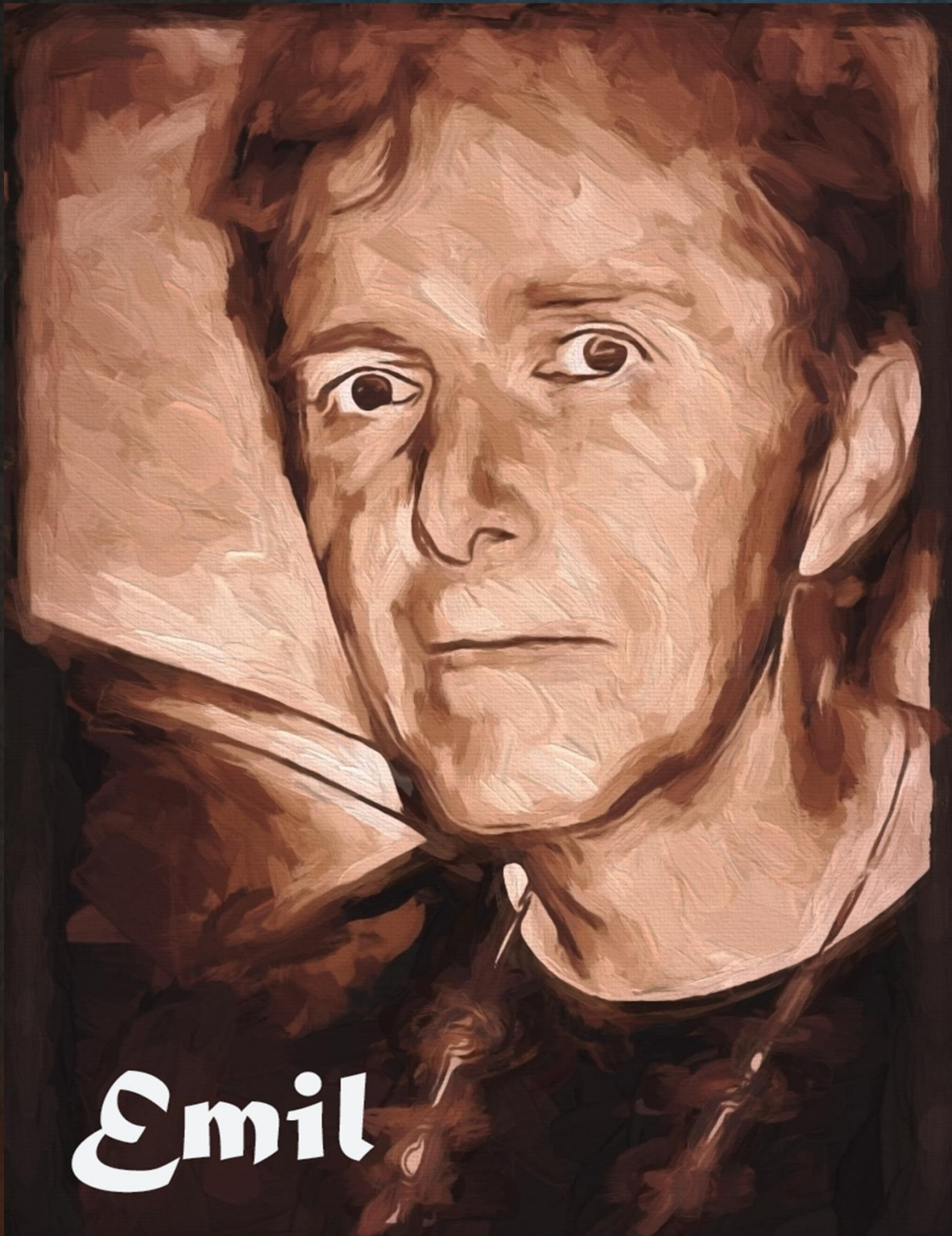
Never once did I ever look inside the trunk...

I never did!

That is the smart guy’s way of a long career down here in the Quarter...that, a wicked sense of humor and being able to make a jumbo so good that your momma would leave your daddy for me and my jumbo...”

So, I responded to his blatant rudeness but, I assured that my returned Telex was

ATTENTION K-MART SHOPPERS! CAMPERS!



formatted and executed in prefect, the King's English (Wait! I'm sorry...England no longer has a king...)

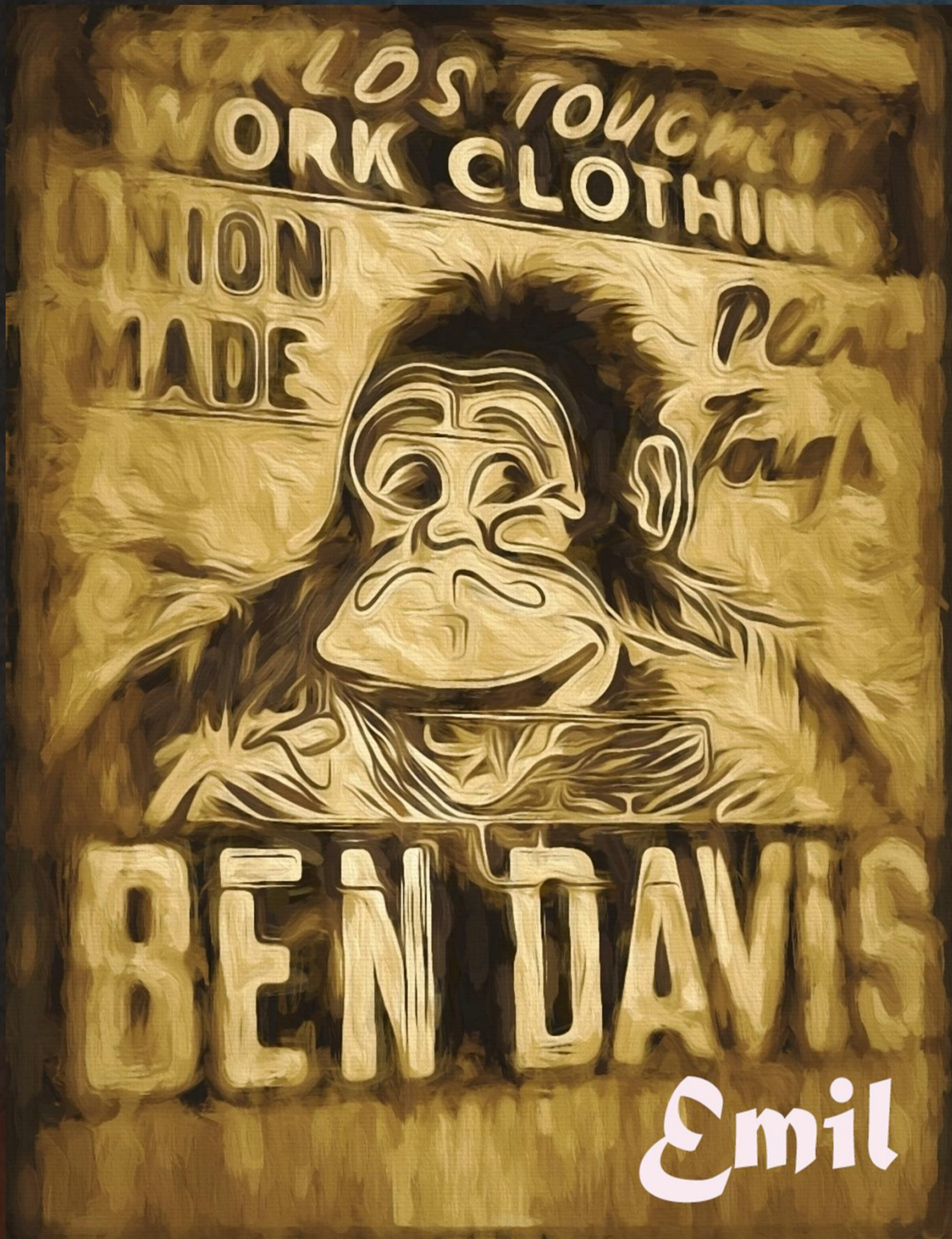
Opps! Man, I am really getting old!!!

As expected, this constant war between us clouded the large point that I had been attempting to make.

The critical customer had no call to take Seine to task for my work...Seine may not be a natural editor but, he has shot the eye out of a crow at three hundred yards with a rusty old AK-47 after consuming half of all the remaining and available alcohol beverages in Liberia...just a note for the critic to stop and pounder before he resumes to overtly attack a man for whom English is like a third or fourth language...

I have no excuse other than I never claimed to be a master of any

ATTENTION K-MART SHOPPERS! CAMPERS!

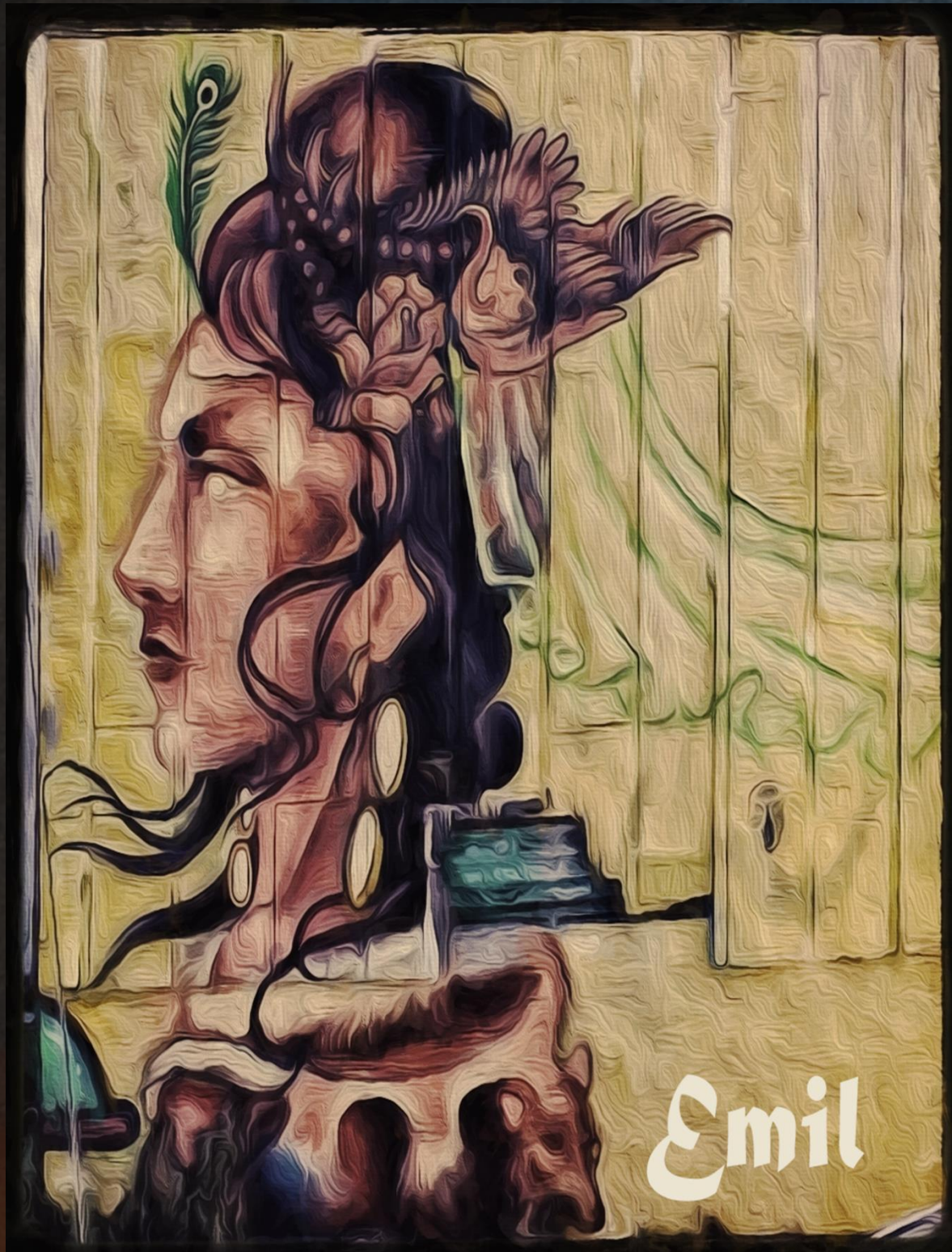


language...I much prefer to mix-n-match, slice-n-dice my way through a conversation.

So in the end, please never buy my books if you are so obsessed with the finer points of grammar...You would never be happy and at a certain point...you might get invited to take a trip out to feed the gators...

I remember, how much easier this all was back in the early days, everything was done initially in French and we paid that cute hippy girl, you know the one who lived one floor down the stairwell with the old beatnik dude, we paid her a bottle of wine for her old man and her, one franc per page to translate and type.

I MUST HAVE SAID SOMETHING FUNNY...?



The Mission District has its own cast of interesting characters. There was this young girl who seemed lost in some complicated thought(s) that surely did not factor on me staring at her...little-a-lone, trying my best to catch her eye and begging to figure out how I might be able to start a conversation, an extended, deep dialog about San Francisco's Mass Transit...

Well...you know,
I had to start somewhere
And like, were we already on the bus...
Maybe, something clever or a quote from Frank Zappa or better...

Yet, maybe...the old man himself...

What would Hunter say?

That threw me and I had to chuckle...I knew what Hunter would say...but, this

I MUST HAVE SAID SOMETHING FUNNY...?



ain't the Fillmore and this was surely not 1967.

Although, she did have that cultist, Bohemian look to her and even though I was much older than her...there was something that drew me to stare and to act as if I was fifteen and about to ask her out for my very first date...

Courage, with the opposite sex has never been my strong point and to be truthful, I have not really had that much experience to fall back upon...I always came across as too much a working class bloke...

I like that image...

Kind of English?

What you think?

This debate amongst my fears of rejection mixed with the stupidest of my resurgent hesitation of the inner fifteen

I MUST HAVE SAID SOMETHING FUNNY...?



year old kid (inside me) that seized control of my ability to start a conversation with the interesting person sitting next to me and then, total blending into some weird, internal focus group...seems I was having a flashback to last week's episode of Mad Men...even though I didn't see it...don't have HBO...

Finally as we were reaching my stop... I abandoned all hope, summed up all of my courage and looked her dead in the eye and made some lame comment on the Transit Authority and "nice the buses were"...

So much for the cool dude who used to quote Frank Zappa, Bill Cosby or even the old man...Hunter...and make you believe that it was an original thought or

I MUST HAVE SAID SOMETHING FUNNY...?



theory...

Sad...

Pit-e-full!

What can I say...besides something stupid and lame...

"Buses are nice"

What was I thinking?

As the bus slid to a stop, she turned her head towards me, quickly sizing me over and then, leaned in closer and whispered into my ear...

"I have mace, you old @!@!"

I quickly got up and got off the bus...

Damn!

I forgot my transfer ticket!

"Excuse me buddy, where am I?"

Emil



ALLEY SURFING IN THE MISSION DISTRICT...



You will seriously need to set aside a good chunk of time and bring yourself some good walking shoes...

Leave the damn watch at home!

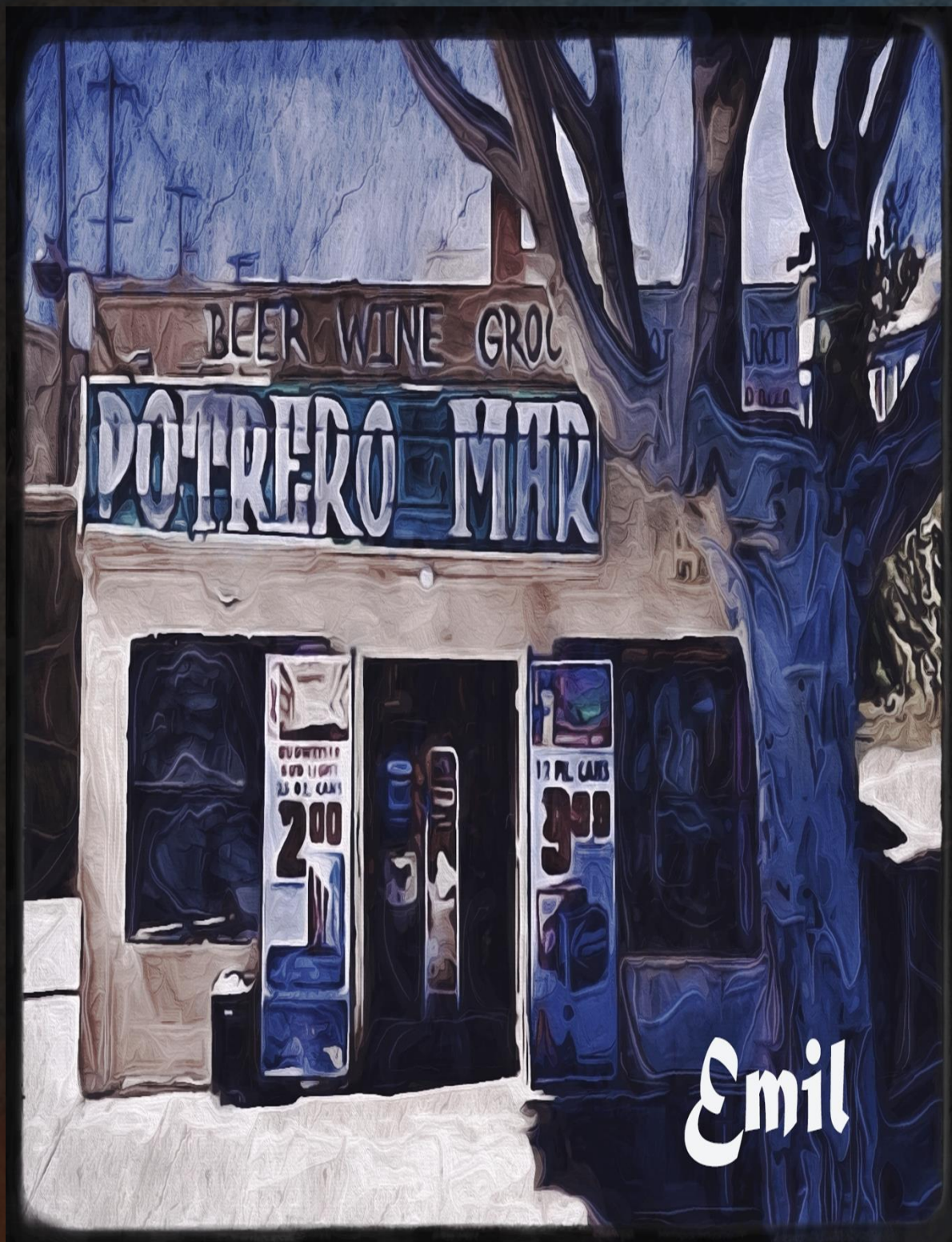
We will not be on the clock here and most defiantly and quickly ditch anyone saying

"Hey! Let's go shopping!"

Remember that in, only, a few more years, most if not all of these cultural treasures will be gone, these faded icons of the 1960's culture will be lost forever to the average man...women or child.

What little that may remain will be antiquated, greedily sold by snooty art merchants from out of their home fortresses, all of those "Richie Rich" galleries.

ALLEY SURFING IN THE MISSION DISTRICT...



Emil

These rare treasures will be offered up to their exclusive art investors and scooped up by their discrete clientele, all will be auctioned off at very ridiculously and stupid prices, offered up and served for only the super-rich who know to smartly invest in this native, this primitive art form and all pieces will by squire away, hidden away from plying view of everyone except to those privy to these stately, hillside, pleasure domes of spectator treasures or in the loft of their, oh so, trendy “infill” condos!

This may well be your very last chance to live real history, to get all up close, feely and touchy without fear of being trashed within an inch of your live by some over-zealous, rent-a-cop at some snooty museum.

ALLEY SURFING IN THE MISSION DISTRICT...



Indeed, these wall murals and street paintings are virtually all that remains true to the 1960s culture that made San Frannie such an icon city, it is still hiding here in amongst the rapid, urban redeveloped of the District which caters exclusively to the whims of the Starbuck drinkers and the imported cheese eating crowd...and urban exploring tourists!

Most are these murals have already been ravaged, they have faded and in general, they are in a very poor state of repair...Once they are gone...that's it!

Who will there be to remember?

Who will there be to retell these tales of adventure?

Who will there be to continue the call for social justice?

Who will be there that even care?

ALLEY SURFING IN THE MISSION DISTRICT...



This is your mission, here today, you must commit these priceless treasures to film, etch them deep into your memory and take up the calling, to become the caretaker that faith has called you to be...

You are here, all of you, to become a reteller of the stories that the murals tell. I liken you to the old women in Southern Mexico and the Yucatan who, after every Sunday's Mass, they actively sit out on the empty benches in the village park and there they offer up their memories to educate the youngsters of the village to the true richness of their long faded legacies, the past and their culture... Think about this, as you walk the alleys and stroll through the pathways of San Francisco's rich, past culture...remember your mission here today!

ALLEY SURFING IN THE MISSION DISTRICT...



Also, remember...please...Unlike Indiana Jones, we plead with you to please refrain from removing any of the treasures you find...also...be careful in attempting to battle any Nazis that you might come across as they are more than likely, they really just angry skinheads who will gladly take up your invitation to rumble...

I will not go after you...

I will not protect or defend you!

In case of an actual battle with angry skinheads or with the cops, you are on your own!

Everyone be careful out there!



Emil

WHY SO ANGRY?



“Why are you always so angry?”

I asked her out of real concern and not as a means to make things more difficult than they already were.

It was late into a another stormy, Virginia Wolfe descent into total debauchery and drunkenness as the night grew chilly...the drugs were not taking away from the first taste of this early winter's night...

They didn't dull or ease the bite...

Sometimes,

I wonder if we don't secretly lust for the drama, to jump out into the arena of the conflict and that we don't really thrive upon the challenge or feel so much an inner compulsion towards the need to win every conversation.

In a sense of a proper crusader, the Jesuit that they had tried to mold me, knowing that I was one with God, where I envisioned

WHY SO ANGRY?



myself standing up, there on his right shoulder with the drawn sword of truth... The truth that I knew you so hated. Welding and delivering the jagged blows of truth seems so much an act of self-righteousness, a feeble excuse to indulging and descending down into the maelstrom of hurting your feelings and it is an ability that I can so wheel and stand up on the docket like the grasshopper banister that I fancy myself to be.

“Why so angry?”

I taunted her again.

I didn't need to but, the sense of vanquish and route was heavy in the air and there was so little time left before the dawn and the fire was spent and all but death. She looked at me and said nothing. Really...?

WHY SO ANGRY?



What was there left to say that we hadn't already thrown out into the mix, brought to the table and used to trump the other in our crusader's errand to inflict pain and out of the sole dedication of trying to hurt each other for no other reason than the amusement of the fact that we could?

Sometimes,

I wish that we were different and that we could live but a normal life and find a middle path to living together in love instead of the resent that so tarnishes our ability to live together and drives us to such moments of high drama, conflict and pain. As I grow older, the chase, the confrontation seems to be less a game than an endless battle in which we are both loser and at some point the victim...

Where there is no pretense of a need for solution nor resolve...like two old boxers

WHY SO ANGRY?



away long after the need to fight is done and gone.

I repeated my winning refrain of “Why so angry?”

She turned without comment and walked away.

Again,

I am struck that we need to live this way as I waited for the dawn to break and I could go back to work.

WALKED BY THIS MURAL FOUR TIMES



WALKED BY THIS MURAL FOUR TIMES



WALKED BY THIS MURAL FOUR TIMES



Truthfully, I walked by this mural four times without actually seeing it as I walked up and down the street...

This (I believe) is one of my top...it is my favorite of them all...

Maybe, it's because there is a BMW in the frame but, then, when you start to look...

There it is...

The full immigrant experience...

From Southern México to the Promised Land...you see the dream, the hope but, you feel the pain, the disappointment of never really fitting in, can't you feel the resentment and the fear and the pain of being a second-class, outsider...

A servant?

A busboy?

Maybe with time a waiter?

All of it would seem to be an indictment of a self-centered, uni-focused society but, it's

WALKED BY THIS MURAL FOUR TIMES



not...it really tries to balance the anger
with hope and with only a slight deferment,
a speed bump along the highway to the
dream...and
I walked by it four times without seeing it...



Emil

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE IN A DISTRICT ALLEY



Emil

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE IN A DISTRICT ALLEY



I was drawn to this mural as it took literally, it took me way back to those early days, trekking about in East Africa before the civil strife in between the birthing of new nations and all that nasty stuff with those badass Mau-Mau Fighters...they were a scary lot...scared the hell out of me...

Just the mere mention of or a random joke about Mau-Mau Fighter Pilots anywhere even in Nairobi, would lead to a general panic and even old hat, expats were trolling the travel agency brochures in their hotel lobby.

“Bad show...NOT funny...laddy!”

This was a snap shot of a life previously lived and I could related to the wild wolves (jackals?) that circled and hovered around the young man tending his family’s cattle...

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE IN A DISTRICT ALLEY



I related to and was drawn further into the portal of this already fading mural... I understand and it was brought to my attention that there are 12 step programs and/or support groups to help people like me deal with these issues.

In fact, I guess that this is a normal issue as the homeowner had put out a “tear of and call this number” flyer by their gate. Seems that they have grown tired of dealing with the mental status of all of us lookie-lous tourists and our more serious cousin, the urban explorer...adventurer! Maybe, the get a kick aback and the number is a cruel scam plying upon the unstable, mental unbalances of total strangers.

I felt tempted to jump the gate and stage a 1960's set-in there on their front (or back)

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE IN A DISTRICT ALLEY



porch!

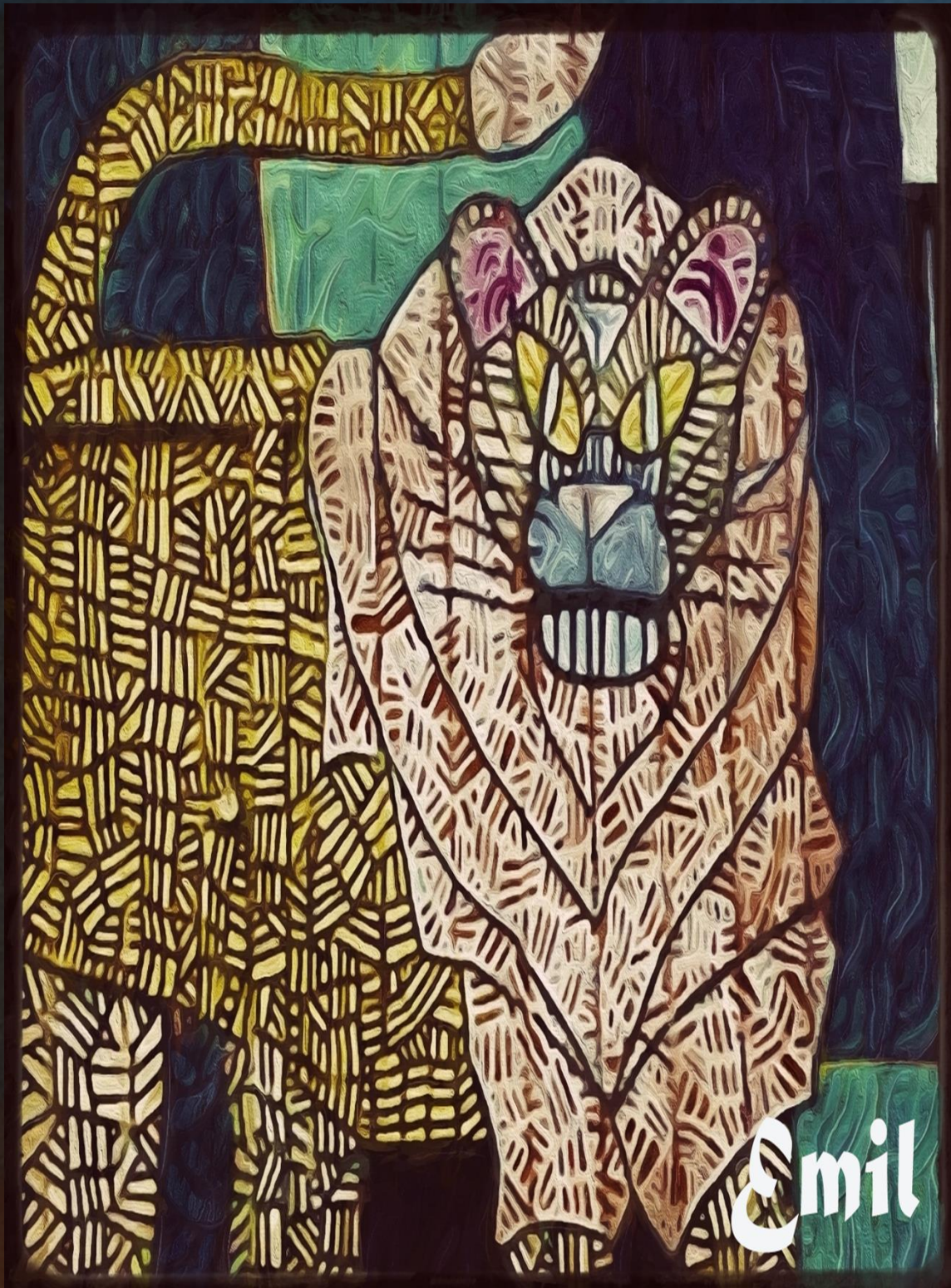
Luck for me, my tour companions sense that I was about to do something extremely stupid and they talked me down as I had already started to jump up over the locked gate...the one with the very large sign that warned that trespassers “would be drawn, quartered, shot or just chased down the alley by my angry Dobermans, totally killer dogs...”

I missed the sign...his is a free advice to the homeowner

“Too much information for such a small warning sign, dude!”

It was, I totally didn't take the time to get out my glasses and thus missed some vital details as I had not taken a further few moments to read all the fine print of this homeowner's warning sign.

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE IN A DISTRICT ALLEY



The sign should have just read “DOBERMANS!” and that would have done magic to squash any notion of civil disobediences.

Bring Dobermans into the picture and I’m gonna forget all about the 1960’s, at least, until I get over a couple of blocks.

I have had some rather nasty run-ins with these evil creatures...step-children of Satan...back in the day...

In fact, I use to have a friend who had a large fenced yard and a similar problem that this homeowner has, seems that traveling magazine sales kids, Mormon Missionaries and an occasional Jehovah Witnesses (although the Jehovahs were quick to learn about my friend James and his Dobermans and usually stayed clear!) would ignore his signs and proceeded up to

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE IN A DISTRICT ALLEY



door. He had this game that he played upon his uninvited guests which involved him showing you the various signs that solemnly warned you as to the sheer folly of ringing his door bell and then, he explained that he had two very big Dobermans, each with a serious taste for all missionary types and then, he would look you in the eye, would not blink nor stutter as he said, "I'm a sporting guy...I tell ya what...I'll give you a ten second head start before I turn my dogs loose...better get a moving...your on nine...eight...seven..." Usually, long before he could get his dogs up, as they were really old, fat and lazy...I seriously doubted that in their present condition, they could have reached the gate without collapsing in exhaustion...

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE IN A DISTRICT ALLEY



It didn't matter as they were never needed. James' ploy was a mere deterrent and like any good deterrent...it leaves everything to the imagination...

Most times it's successful. Right Rocket Man? Occasionally, it failed terribly...Like Iraq? "Weapons of Mass Destruction..." is an example that comes readily to my mind... You are, most times, you are normally OK...pull it off with ease...

Well, that is until someone fool calls you out, jumps up on the porch and starts yelling, "**Bring It ON!!**"

The mural was just there, there are no tourist guide or gallery notes that you can pre-read and seem so hip...

There was someone stirring on the other side of the fence.

I thought that it might be the artist and

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE IN A DISTRICT ALLEY



wouldn't that be cool?

I yelled up over the fence to get their attention.

After some conversation to reassure them that we were not with the City's Housing Department...it seems that some youngster down in the housing department has a bee in his bonnet (can I say that?) about all this ugly graffiti and has started harassing homeowners to paint over these eye sores. Once this was out of the way and they realized that we weren't some ugly gang of painters sent by the Housing Authority, they opened the gate and shared what they knew about the mural...

"No," they weren't the artist.

That person had long moved on and all that was left to piece together was what the homeowner had been told by the rental

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE IN A DISTRICT ALLEY



agency when they moved in...

Seems that the artist was a young man that came from the Lake Region (in Africa) on the Road to Kampala and he had been brought over to this country as a teenager after his parents (both) dies of AIDS.

The mural remembered a time of family, peace but, the terrible snarls of the attacking wolves which were in fact a modern, mechanical age, the disease that surrounds him and he could do nothing to save his young world from destruction...

WOW!

I could see all of that...

It now made so much sense...

So sad!!!

The homeowner has no idea as to what happened to the young artist or even his name.

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE IN A DISTRICT ALLEY



That is lost to time and time had not been kind to the personal testament to the human cost of this fowl disease...

Here it creates art that should be in a gallery or at least preserved – not in threat by some youngster, government gangster trying to make a name for himself by destroying some of the greatest folk art of our generation...

Support the Mission District and help maintain this great treasure for future generations or
So say us all...

Emil



DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE LOST GENERATION?



DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE LOST GENERATION?



“Did you know about the lost generation?” I hadn’t and was taken off guard as I was sitting here waiting for the coming bus when she came over, sit down and asked me this rather odd question.

Known that the bus stop is an interest place, a gathering place for the poor, the odd and genuine insane...so, I took a discreet but, a long stare at her before I answered. She seemed harmless and so I explained that I didn’t know that there was one other than those original hipsters of the Beat Generation, which I truthfully that that she was referring to...no judgement but, she was the age to have been one of those young fatalists from the late 1950s.

Seems that I was wrong as she pointed to a mural across the street from where we were talking.

DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE LOST GENERATION?



“Damn! Another one that I totally like missed!”

Seeing my confusion, she paused and scolded me for having such blinders that I had missed one of the greatest testaments to the pains and struggles of immigration. The lost generation mural was pictorial history of village women from the Plains of Jars and the old colonial, coffee plantations in Laos.

I vaguely remembered the story about the Secret Wars in Laos that drew the world to learning where in the hell was this country called Laos.

It was a sad, closely guarded secret of a tale of how the ethnic tribes had bravely fought with the French and then us (America) against the Vietnamese and the homegrown Communists only to be

DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE LOST GENERATION?



betrayed and abandon when they served no further use...

"The war is over...time to go home...good luck guys! Hope you keep tearing those damn Commies a new one...if you need anything, give a call..."

Except, the number we gave them had been disconnected and their long letters, pleading for our support, were return undelivered...No such address...

I told her that I was familiar with the general story but, not how these village women ended up here in San Francisco and even less as to how this mural had sprung up here in this alley.

She paused again and took a long hard stare at me.

Guess, she was trying to determine if I were just plain stupid or if I was one of

DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE LOST GENERATION?



those Jaded, Ugly Urban Explores that clogged the Mission District these days, then she asked,

“Are you gay?”

“What???”

Where did that come from...granted I was dressing in my Jerry Garcia Tie-dye and my hair (thank you very kindly) still has that bushy-bushy look but, sadly...these are not Karachi Sandals...they are K-Marts...a blue light special at that!

I backed out of the question as not to offend her as she may not have meant it to be an insult but, maybe she had a younger brother or two and so, I explained that I wasn't and that I am here on kind of a cultural day tour of Alley Surfing.

“Alley surfing?”

She said with some confusion as this was not

DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE LOST GENERATION?



a term that she was familiar with and just made me look further gay or even much worse, an urban explorer, “Each has their own story, their own adventures...all is left untold except as a footnote in a mural in some un-named alley in SF...The world is poorer for not knowing...”

Took a quick photo, made a note to return later then, politely nodded in agreement as we saw the bus approaching, we made a mad dash across the busy street and barely made it as the bus started to leave. Lost track of the lady as she went to sit in the back of the bus and then, I got off two stops later still thinking about what she had said and how thick my blinders really were as this is not the first mural that I walked by...made a note to go back and take a longer look .

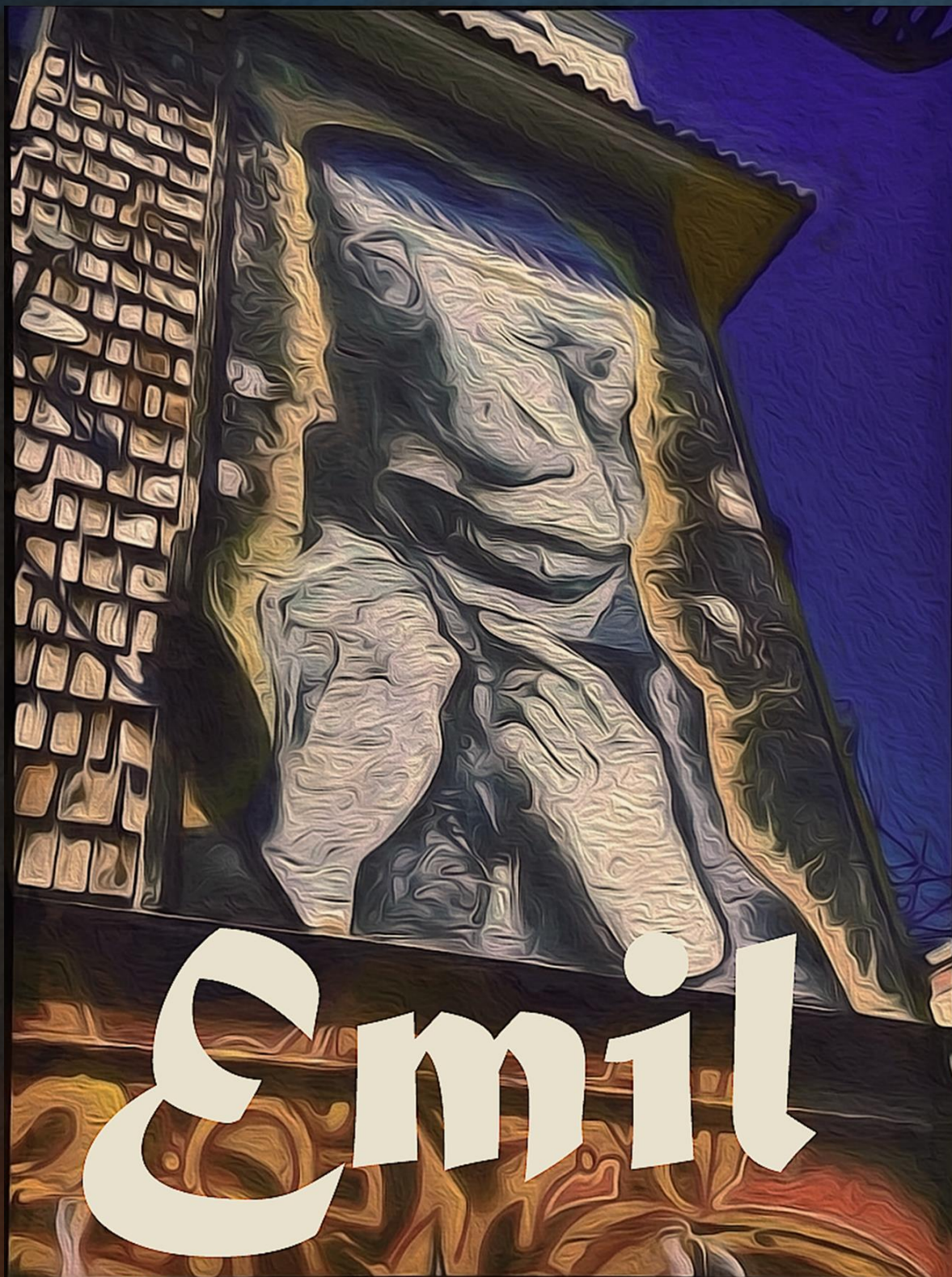
ALLEY SURFING IN THE DISTRICT: DAY TWO



ALLEY SURFING IN THE DISTRICT: DAY TWO



ALLEY SURFING IN THE DISTRICT: DAY TWO



It was so cold that I hardly felt that I was being beaten by a group of angry Eskimos (Greyline Tours) and I had hardly taken notice that they planned to beat me and purposely leave me lying out on the early morning sidewalk...as a warning to any other Liberal Swine who might dare to talk bad of Little Sister Palin even if I was only quoting what Grand Pappy McCain had said about her...

Immediately upon the first blows, I sprang into action and my natural Navaho instincts took over as I fell to the ground, in a fetal position, while screaming and pleading

"DON'T KILL ME!"

Luckily, they hit me with an Eskimo Pie and seeing that I hadn't eaten breakfast, there was some good that came of it.

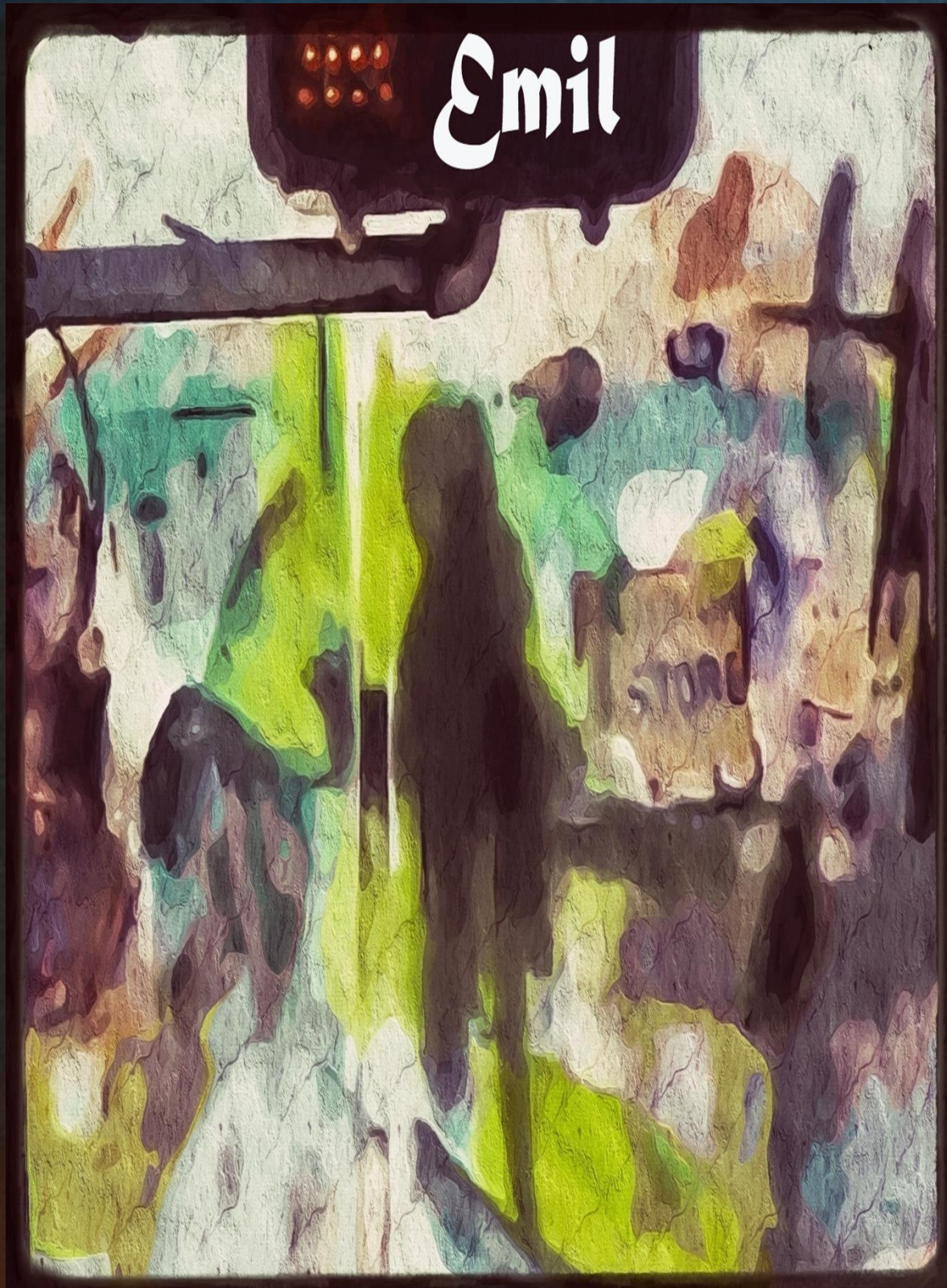
ALLEY SURFING IN THE DISTRICT: DAY TWO



Emil

So started “Day Two” of our informal alley surfing through the Mission District and as I looked up, I saw this billboard advertising something that I could not begin to figure out seeing that there was no narrative or any sales pitch... None of the locals hanging up on the corner could share any light on this but they were friendly and offered me a sip of their ripple wine to fight off the shutters that now racked my frozen body. After a long conversation with the locals and an occasional trip across the street to the open store for yet another bottle of thunderbird...that is some wicked stuff...pure alcohol...industrial strength...take no prisoners and not even the façade of a pretence to have a taste of anything but rubbing alcohol or lighter fluid.

ALLEY SURFING IN THE DISTRICT: DAY TWO

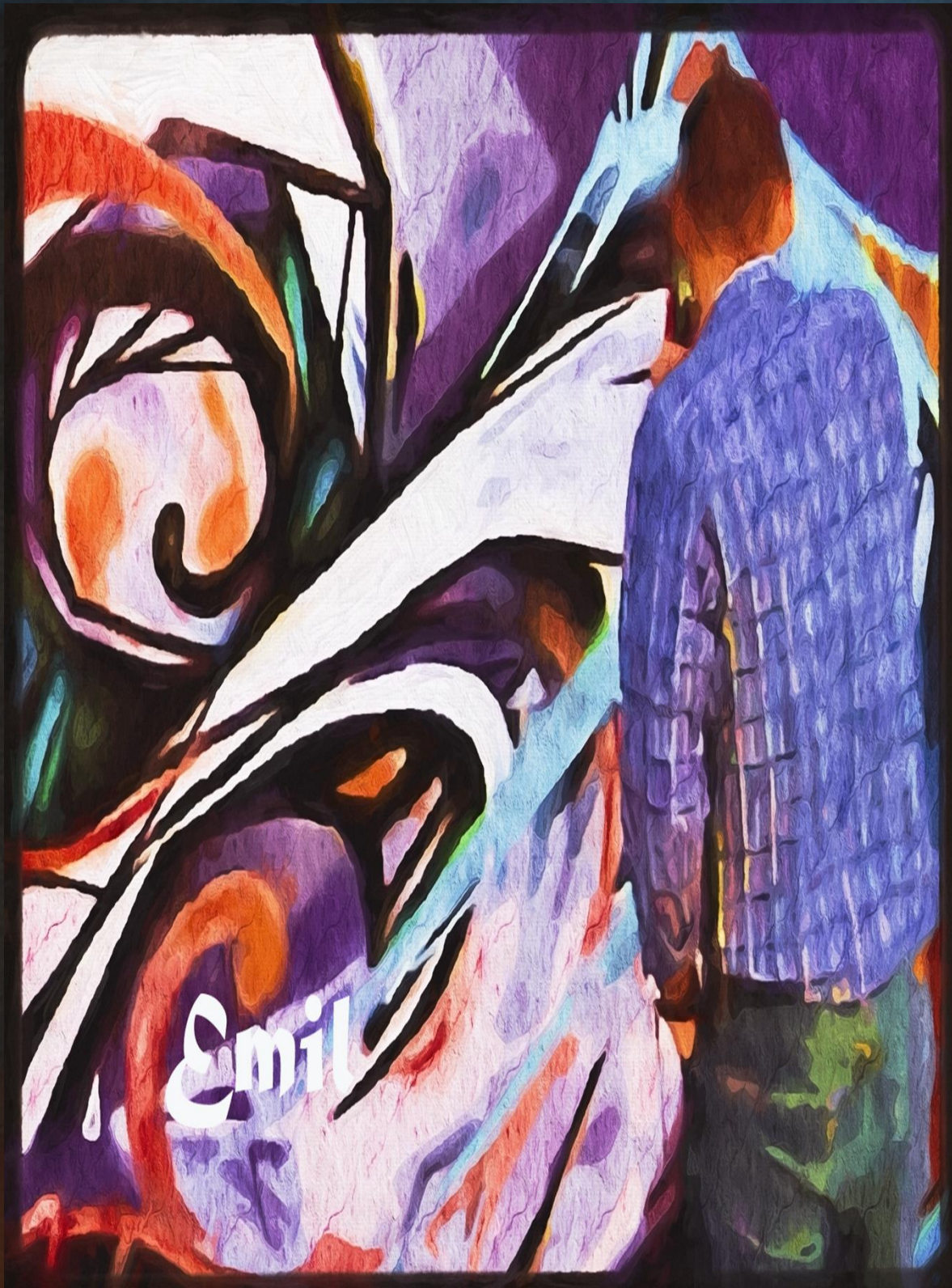


It warmed ya up and by the second bottle we were old buddies with our local hosts and we were deep into discovering the inner, the secret meaning to the billboard and we decided that we might need to form some kind of focus group to study the billboard before we could form a coconscious...they offered to take up us up to the mission to get a late breakfast...

It sounded good but, we had a full day of alley surfing that we needed to get done — as our time in San Francisco was limited...yet, it was hard to turn down a free breakfast, but, we were dedicated...

Sometime around lunch time, down at the mission's soup kitchen, we reunited with the local friends that we had made this morning and joined then in a middle of

ALLEY SURFING IN THE DISTRICT: DAY TWO



the afternoon nap under a tree in the park...old world traditions...

Hey, this is the Mission District!

Right behind a neighborhood shop...we found yet another mural, here was a chronicle, the cultural, social history of San Francisco from the 1960's to present...with each panel representing a separate decade from the time when the likes of the Grateful Dead, Moby Grape and even Grace Slick haunted the avenues of the Mission District as the Rock-n-Rolla Gods and Goddess that they were.

As we started our time passage, there, at the end of the alley, was a young guy in a cheap suit and he was taking pictures of the other murals in the alley.

Immediately, I felt thrown into the blender of a so-so episode of "The Twilight Zone"

ALLEY SURFING IN THE DISTRICT: DAY TWO



an episode that may well test my often quoted commitments to assuming, the mantel, and stewardship of these swiftly fading folk treasures.

FLASHBACK...

It was utterly eerie...our conversation with the home owner from earlier in the morning seemed to be playing on an endless loop...or was it that everyone had the same issue with this youngster from the Housing Authority?

"Is that him?"

I called out to the home owner but as I turned to get a confirmation, they were gone...they had vanished, they had disappeared or had they made a mad rush back to the safety of their home...in record, world-class time if I dare say so myself.

Was he on another scouting mission to

ALLEY SURFING IN THE DISTRICT: DAY TWO



destroy yet another alley of great folk and cultural art?

Even though we were technically, tourists, we felt the bond...

We had forged a connection this morning with the locals had we not?

Didn't this make us honorary neighbors?

Were we not "Artists"

(at least in our own minds?)

Well...

SEE...

I thought so...

Remember, wasn't it me that had said there was too much at stake and we must not just stand by and let some government gangster make a name for him with the destruction of yet another alley of world class folk art.

Upon hearing my rallying cry, we all stashed our expensive Nikon Cameras in

ALLEY SURFING IN THE DISTRICT: DAY TWO



our backpacks and remembering back to our younger days as political street fighters (actually we were those liberal tugs who enjoyed beating up rich republican youngsters and taking their expensive wrist watches to the pawn shop...

Can I say that?

The editor checked and the status of limitations has long expired on our deeds and adventures to help end the war in Vietnam - one pawned watch at a time... So, I am good to continue...

Immediately, the old routines kicked in as we took off our watches, took off any jewelry and stashed it all in the safety of our front pants pockets...

Our wallet didn't go into our front pockets, rather they were stashed inside our socks as we knew that the cops would

ALLEY SURFING IN THE DISTRICT: DAY TWO



always go through your pockets to find some ID but, never did one take a look in my socks...

We walked down the Alley and up toward the guy in the suit whom we automatically tagged as the San Francisco version of the demon Raktabija...the destroyer of a generation of folk art or better known to the world as that punk, youngster from the Housing Authority because who else but a government gangster would show up in the Mission District in a suit?

What were we gonna do?

Roust him out and send him packing? Fall upon him like the Goddess Kali (I am the destroyer of worlds) wielding our bloody swords (honestly, it was a rusty pocket knife that I got back in the day before I was kicked out of the Cub Scouts

ALLEY SURFING IN THE DISTRICT: DAY TWO



for being a communist) and thus saving the folk art of the Mission District? Would we exchange pleasantries and vigorously urge him through reason to change his misguided ways?

The guy in the suit was slow to sense the angry mob of liberal, artists descending down upon him; so, we caught him off guard and startled him as he finally turned to see us surrounding him. You could see the panic in his eyes as we stood blocking his escape back up to the safety of the street.

“What are you doing here?”

I snarled out to him with an evil frown that I had perfected back in my street fighting days...and that always reduced those Republican Youth for Nixon to sobbing tears and pleas to not hurt them...

ALLEY SURFING IN THE DISTRICT: DAY TWO



Hey...it was working here and I felt proud that I had not lost my touch and was still able to put the fear into this government gangster and well-known destroyer of the arts...

Before I could get into my full street fighter routine, the guy in the suit fell to the ground, assuming a fetal position and started pleading and crying at us not to kill him.

Wait!

What was this?

He wasn't the gangster from the Housing Authority...was he?

He was folding too quickly...a government gangster would have, at least, threatened us with jail, prison unless we backed off.

So what was this?

Who was this guy?

ALLEY SURFING IN THE DISTRICT: DAY TWO



I asked him again, in a less threatening tone,

“Who are you and what are you doing in our alley (gave it that personal touch...pretty good, UHH?)?”

Wiping away tears, he told us that he was from Reno and he was on the Greyline Tour when he saw the beautiful murals and wants to document them for his four kids back home in Reno...

Opposes!!!

Quickly, we lifted him to his feet, dusted him and his camera off and everyone followed my lead as I pretended that we were a local, traveling drama group and that he had just had the honor of being in one of our mobile, urban street plays called

“Hey! What are you doing in my alley?”

ALLEY SURFING IN THE DISTRICT: DAY TWO



“No need to pay us...we are paid by the chamber of commerce” I told him that it was our goal to give him a realistic glimpse into the District’s urban, gritty past while helping promote tourism. He was smiling as he walked back to his tour bus...

So, no harm done...

And none of us weren’t going to jail!

Emil



AMAZINGLY YOU WERE THERE

Emil



AMAZINGLY YOU WERE THERE



Actually, almost completely hidden by a battered dumpster, it was hard to spot at the top of the alley and I walked past this the first time without much fanfare because, there was a big dog rummaging through the open dumpster and who was I to interrupt his lunch...

Not me!

On the way back, up towards the street; we notice that the giant dog had moved on and there was this mural...with a collective effort we pushed the dumpster out of the picture. Had there not been help to do this, I would be now convincing you that the dumpster gave the picture, an urban, a gritty, and an artsy look and would have sold ya on that with some long, drawn out story about fighting that monster of a demon dog to near death to save this lost mural...

AMAZINGLY YOU WERE THERE



Then, it was brought to my attention that a lot of you love dogs and would take terrible offence to me fight a dog, little alone to near death....

“Emil! PETA is on line one wanting to know why you feel a need to fight dogs.”

Luckily, the editors save you and me from that touchy debate...

But, I have filled that away for use in the near future as it does sound pretty good and maybe, a cat audience might be less sensitive to fighting dogs...



Emil

LOOK INWARD AND FEEL THE PAIN OF TRUTH...



Emil

LOOK INWARD AND FEEL THE PAIN OF TRUTH...



How could I not understand...?

I get it!

There is little doubt that we have passed this way...down this blind-ended alley with no name and here we were greeted by yet another mural of no name...

For some reason, it was meant for us to stumble upon, unknowing, barely prepared or able to handle what we were to see...

Man!

This alley surfing is becoming a Shaman's pilgrimage and whatever the result...no matter how much pain there is...

"One must always see the truth..."

That's what the Guru James used to say...

It doesn't matter...because there is no good nor is there bad...

No judgments...

Just reality...

LOOK INWARD AND FEEL THE PAIN OF TRUTH...



Just truth...

Not twisted,

Stirred nor shaken yet alone mixed or
blended...

The truth was much like the Thunderbird
that we tasted earlier (with our new found
local friends) in the morn...

I could see why the Guru would have told
us that Thunderbird is meant to be taken
straight...it goes down hot and tastes
nasty but, it is what it is and like truth, it
can be hard for many to swallow...

Then again, given the situation, it was
what was needed to get through the
morning.

"Truth is what we make it out to be..."

I use to truly think and believed this to my
core...Thus, I directly challenged the guru
to his points and message. I was of the
mind to believe that we could will some-

LOOK INWARD AND FEEL THE PAIN OF TRUTH...



thing to be true, that we could mold it into reality and after a while it would naturally become the truth. Like the old con who taught me to pass a lie detector test,

“Ya just keep repeating something over and over and you will start to believe it...once you believe it...it is the truth...”

See to me, this made perfect sense...it was the way that I was raised...

Truth was simple and like Andy Warhol said about art...

“Art is whatever I can convince three people to believe its art...”

So, if I can convince three of you...

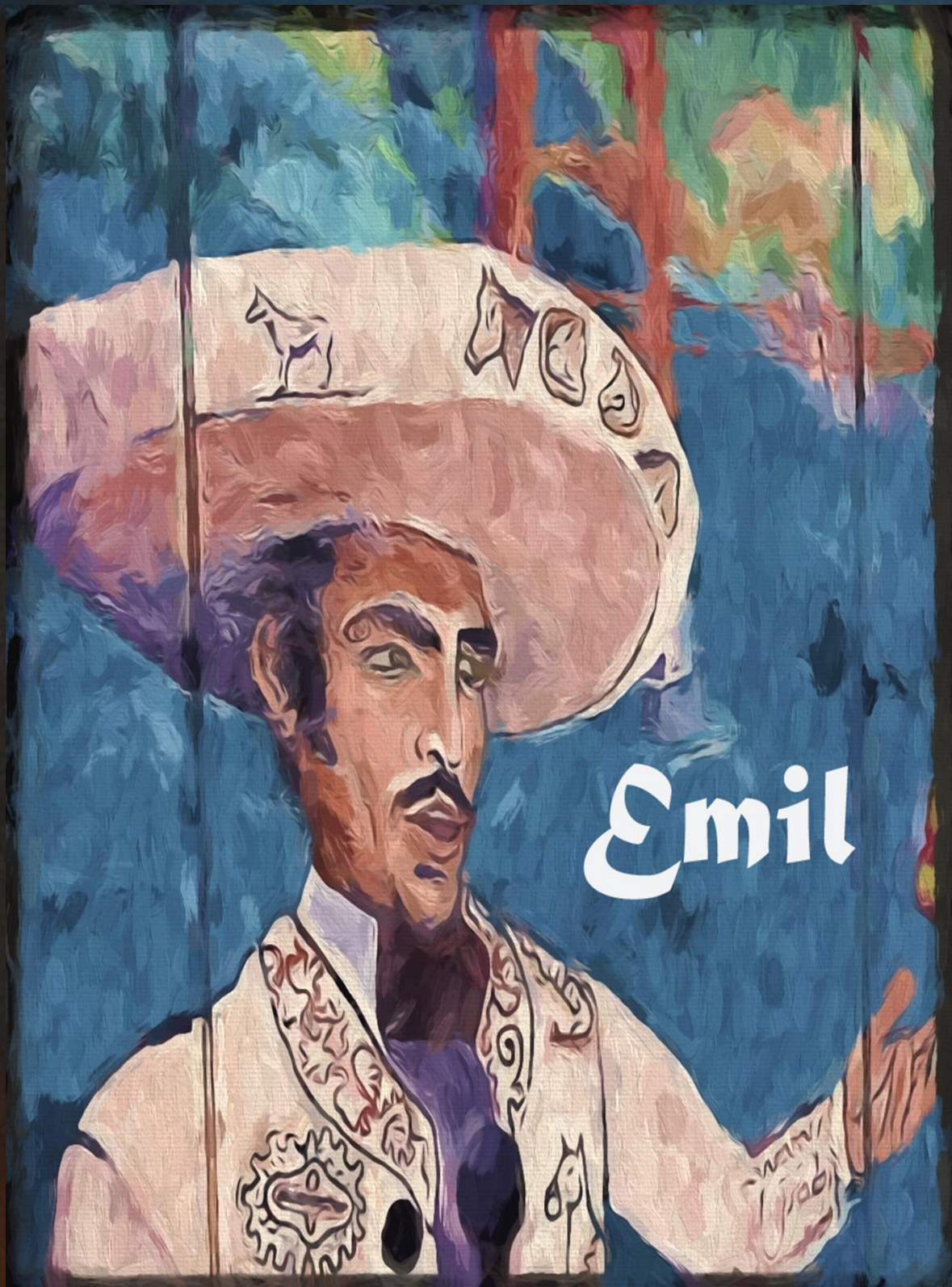
Then, the truth becomes just that.

What is my truth?

Well...that's too deep to wade into here.

That is a bad, toxic swamp of my own design; I made it from scratch...

LOOK INWARD AND FEEL THE PAIN OF TRUTH...



and, I gladly take credit for the delusions that I repeated until I believed and thus is the core of my truths.

Even though, I am hipster enough to claim otherwise, to say that

“Yes, the Guru James was correct!”

Leaning up against the wall on the other side of the alley...gives me a better way to study the mural...the all seeing eye...a long, lost guru and a parade of other faded, blurred faces that march past by in the blink of one sheer moment and as they pass, out from one of the open windows, there is a radio and it is singing out to me...

“This is the end of the world as we know it...and, I like it!”

Wow!

My walking companion nodded, started doing a very embracing “White Boy

LOOK INWARD AND FEEL THE PAIN OF TRUTH...



trying to have rhythm” and half in song, he said...

“Don’t ya just love those guys (REM) and I am thinking that I may adapt this very song as my theme songs...top of my chart and high in my next playlist.”

“You have a playlist?”

“What? Ya, a playlist in case you get whopped by a bus going home tonight and then you are all set for the funeral...”

Puzzled by the nature of this conversation...I shrugged my shoulders and was attempting to move on and away from this conversation...

Before, I could escape, he caught up with me and insisted on continuing...

“Just saying...most people who didn’t plan ahead got stuck with whatever tunes the funeral director or that second cousin (the one you always teased) decides to

LOOK INWARD AND FEEL THE PAIN OF TRUTH...



play..."

"Do ya want them to be your DJ? As I said, just saying..."

"Hate to come to your funeral and they are playing the ABBA Greatest Hit Album..."

That stopped me and I was hoping that he could see that I was not enjoying this conversation and that he was getting very close to pissing me off with all his morbid talk about me getting hit by a bus and that he seemed to be planning my funeral...

Friendship is one thing but, maybe it's me? What struck me the most was that this didn't seem to be an on-the-cuff moment as there were far too many details involved and that told me that this wasn't the first time he had been thinking about my funeral...in frustration, I said...

LOOK INWARD AND FEEL THE PAIN OF TRUTH...



“Are you trying to cruse me? What a friend!”

To be truthful Campers, I had never given much thought to my own funeral but, this old fool of a fart was making a very good point, considering that he has a good ten years on me and maybe, because it becomes an old man thing that men of his advanced age spent their time in contemplation of and I decided to let this whole conversation flow over and around my head like letting the wrong wave continue around me and letting it crashing onwards towards the beach? I remember from my surfer days, “Don’t need to ride every wave!” Although, thinking about it further as we sat on the bus going downtown, I realized that this damn fool thought has so polluted

LOOK INWARD AND FEEL THE PAIN OF TRUTH...



my mind and that I was on the verge of becoming obsessed by the suggestion that the last thing that people remembered about me was,

“He must have really loved ABBA!”

That would truly be the end of the world...as I knew it!

Then again,

I would be dead...

It was then, reality stuck me...walked up and took a bite out of my leg...as the real fact(s) finally decide to show up and it was then that I realized that I would not need to live with what all these people want to think about me or not...

Because, like, I would be dead...

Then, my mind as the finely tooled creature of wonder that it was, switch gears and now, I am getting obsessed with death and dying...maybe, on a bus?

LOOK INWARD AND FEEL THE PAIN OF TRUTH...



Like this bus?

SHIT!

I need to stop all this and tried to start a conversation with a lady that I remembered from a previous bus ride. I looked over and got her attention...

“Just wanted to say Hi!”

I thought that to be an innocent comment, not a challenge, just showing that I remembered her from a previous conversation where she struck me as a friendly, talkative person and after all this talk about death...seemed like what I needed...

Man was I stupid!

That friendly lady turned towards me and I could see pure evil in her eyes and she seemed to be hyperventilating as she snarled out that she didn't know me...

LOOK INWARD AND FEEL THE PAIN OF TRUTH...



and if I didn't quit and cease my conversation...she said something about the step-children of Satan and that they would join her in hurting me...although, she was a little more graphic than I elected to report here.

So it was to be written, I scribbled it off in a hurried note, jotted it all down haphazardly and knowing that only much later, would it heavily footed noted before it will be included in the actual Book of Life...

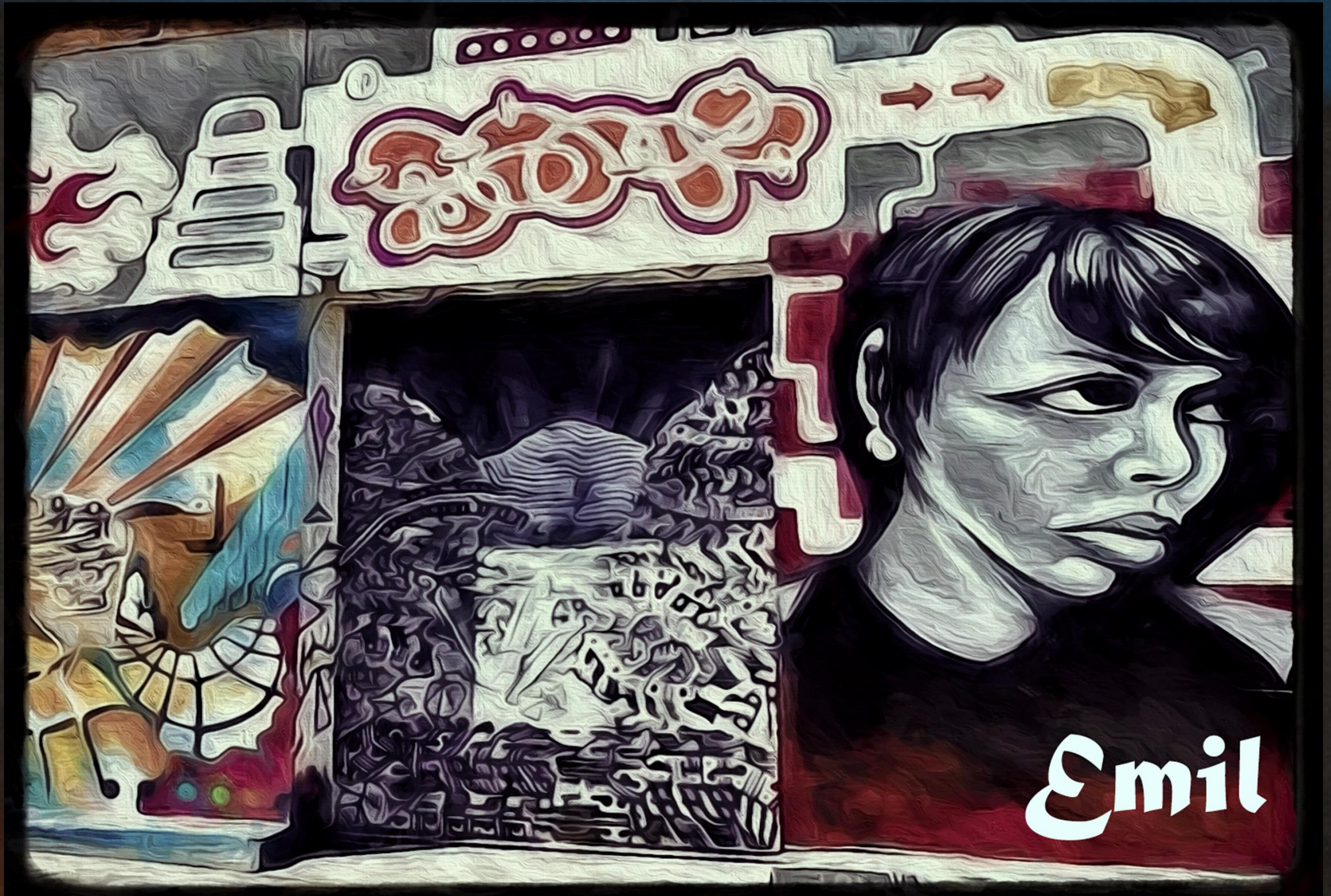
Then my friend came up from where he had been sitting towards the back of the crowded bus, tapped me on the shoulder and whispered in my ear...

"You hungry? Let's go and get lunch...?"

And we got off the bus in the business district and we walked on...



WAITING FOR THE CLUB TO OPEN...



WAITING FOR THE CLUB TO OPEN...



Right down the street from our last alley surfing, just when we thought what else could we do on Day Two, we found two senior gents, we literally stumbled over them, they were sitting on the curb hopelessly lost, shipwreck and stranded, right next to the closed smoke shop and across the street from the Dispensary that had made their smoke shop of thirty years unnecessary...

Obsolete and finally the enlightenment of society has put the old hippy and his business partner (I didn't inquire to the nature of their partnership) into...well, it drove them over to the bankruptcy court as it seems that most if not all of the District's Denizens suffer from second-hand glaucoma this days...

With these new medical marijuana

WAITING FOR THE CLUB TO OPEN...



cards...who needed the fake oregano that those two old hippies use to sell to all those rich Republican Youth for Mitt Romney...

\$100 and you can now be a Lonesome District Cowboy (sorry New Riders for co-opting your famous line) and live John Prime's ever popular song "Illegal Smile" in complete safety from narks, government gangsters, social workers but, ya still might get mugged by two old hippies with a bad attitude (they still live upstairs from their closed store).

Love the Mission District because its legacy for being that swift stream, that cross section of the immigrants who filtered through the bay area and then were for the most part banished out to the southeast of Oakland during the real

WAITING FOR THE CLUB TO OPEN...



estate boom of the 1990's.

The 1990's saw a lot of urban explorers invade the Mission District with all of their Tech Boom Dollars and to be truthful...I really feel for them and might when shed a tear as the old neighborhood was uprooted, stripped of its life-long residents and turned into a cookie cutter series of espresso shops and faux hipster dives where the rich could pretend to live like the urban poor. That was the illusion that brought them down here from their condos over on the bay and that is only now recovering as the real estate bust is sweeping these same immigrants back into the neighborhood after those years lost in the wilderness to the southeast of Oakland or worse yet, the ancient

WAITING FOR THE CLUB TO OPEN...



Housing Authority Tenements of
Oakland's industrial center...

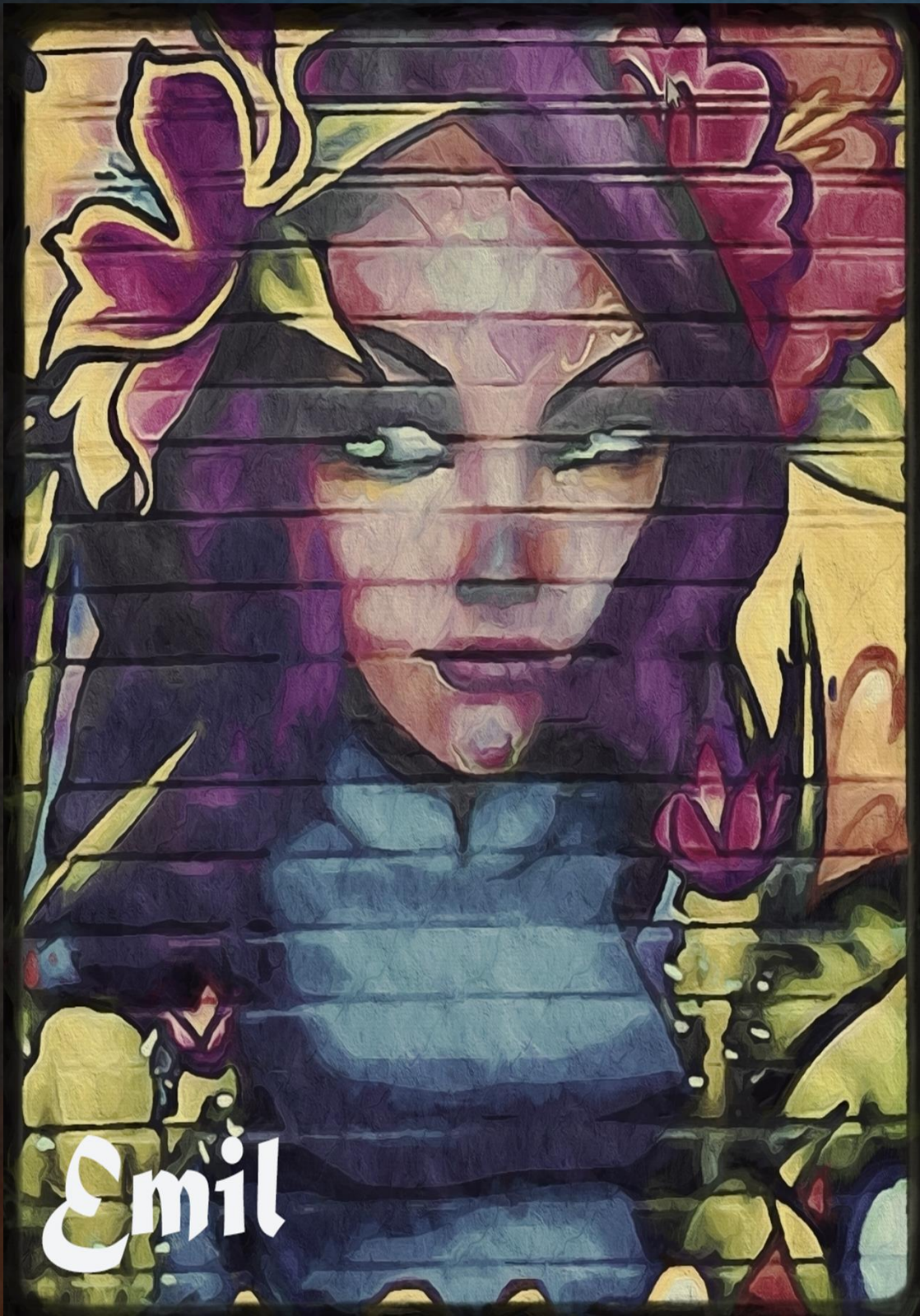
So that's why we wanted to wait till the
club opened to gauge a feel for the true
makeup of the neighborhood and check
out the local talent...

All those hot babes!

All of them dressed in their very trendy
Lands Over, Urban Poor Inspired
clothing...or slutty disco threads that they
raided and liberated from back of the
mother's closets or that they had
discovered in a Goodwill Store out in the
valley...as the good urban archeologists
that they were proven to be...

Personally, I am waiting for safari jackets
or maybe, those one piece leisure suits
that were all the rage back in the day...
In fact, I have a handmade, custom,

WAITING FOR THE CLUB TO OPEN...



glow-n-the-dark, day glow green Nehru Jacket from the late 1960's...all original and still hanging in my closet, wrapped in archival plastic and awaiting the day that they will return to mainstream fashion...

Mark my words!

Its time is yet to come!

As we were took the time to take a curbside meeting with our new (old) hippy businessmen...we sat there watching the traffic at the Dispensary tripled in volume as the working slobbs started returning back home from a long day of toiling in the small office cubicles over in the business district, retail clerks or those who were leaving for a night shift at Wendi's or Burger King; we wondered did anyone drink anymore other than our friends from this morning?

WAITING FOR THE CLUB TO OPEN...



They were nice old guys but, we had another place to be as we were hoping that the club would expose us to a slightly, better off...

The Middle Class?

Discover who is this lost race...casted...hopelessly lost like our hippy friends?

Does a Middle Class, do they still exist (live) here in the district?

Do they still drink?

With another thirty minutes before the bar opened its doors to its evening venue, we would need to wait and see...

Smoke them if you got them!

What do you mean they have a dress code????

Cover charge???? What a rip!

"No...you won't have to call the police...please!"



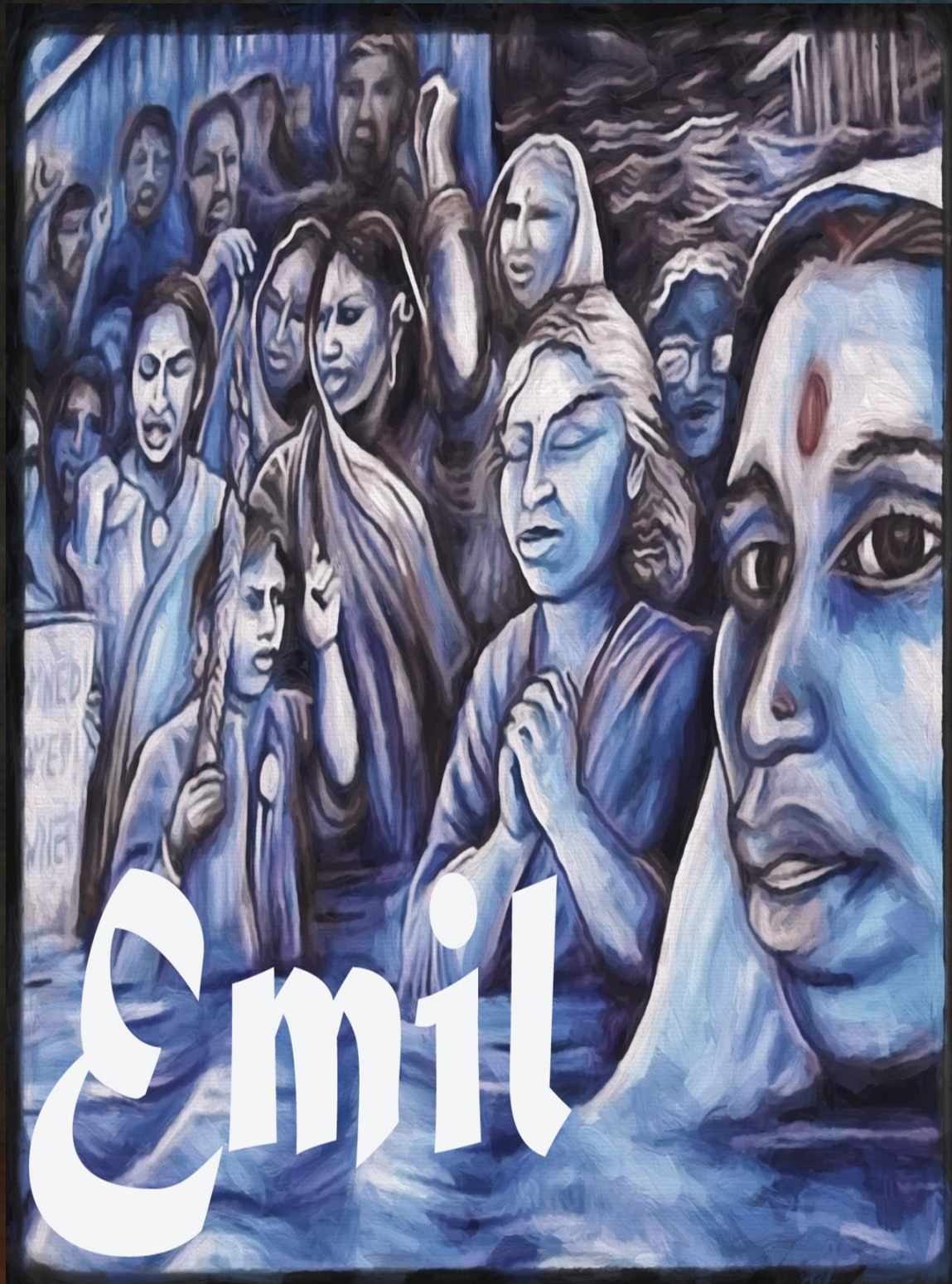
Emil

KNEW THE PICTURE...HUE 1968



Emil

KNEW THE PICTURE...HUE 1968



As you have hear my repeatedly comment on that it has been note by more than a few of you that this is my new (improved) mantra about how a trip down any un-named alley in San Francisco becomes a true time machine and you need to be aware as it can unpredictably flash forward you into a far distant, transformable future or it can surely drag you back into a distant, moment in your past whether you want to remember or not...

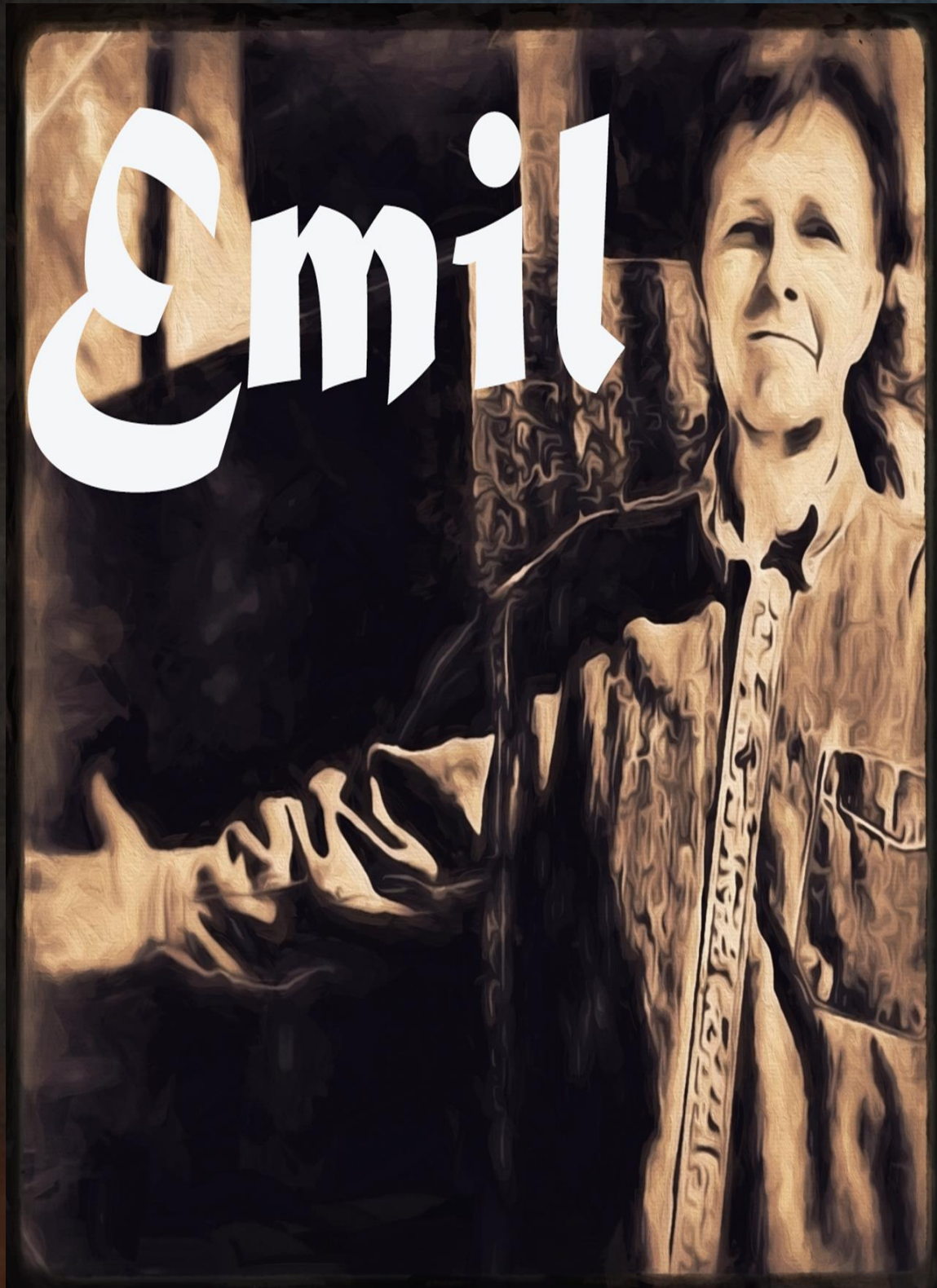
We were innocently walk in this alley...nothing really special...then, there it was...

I knew the picture...

Hue in 1968...

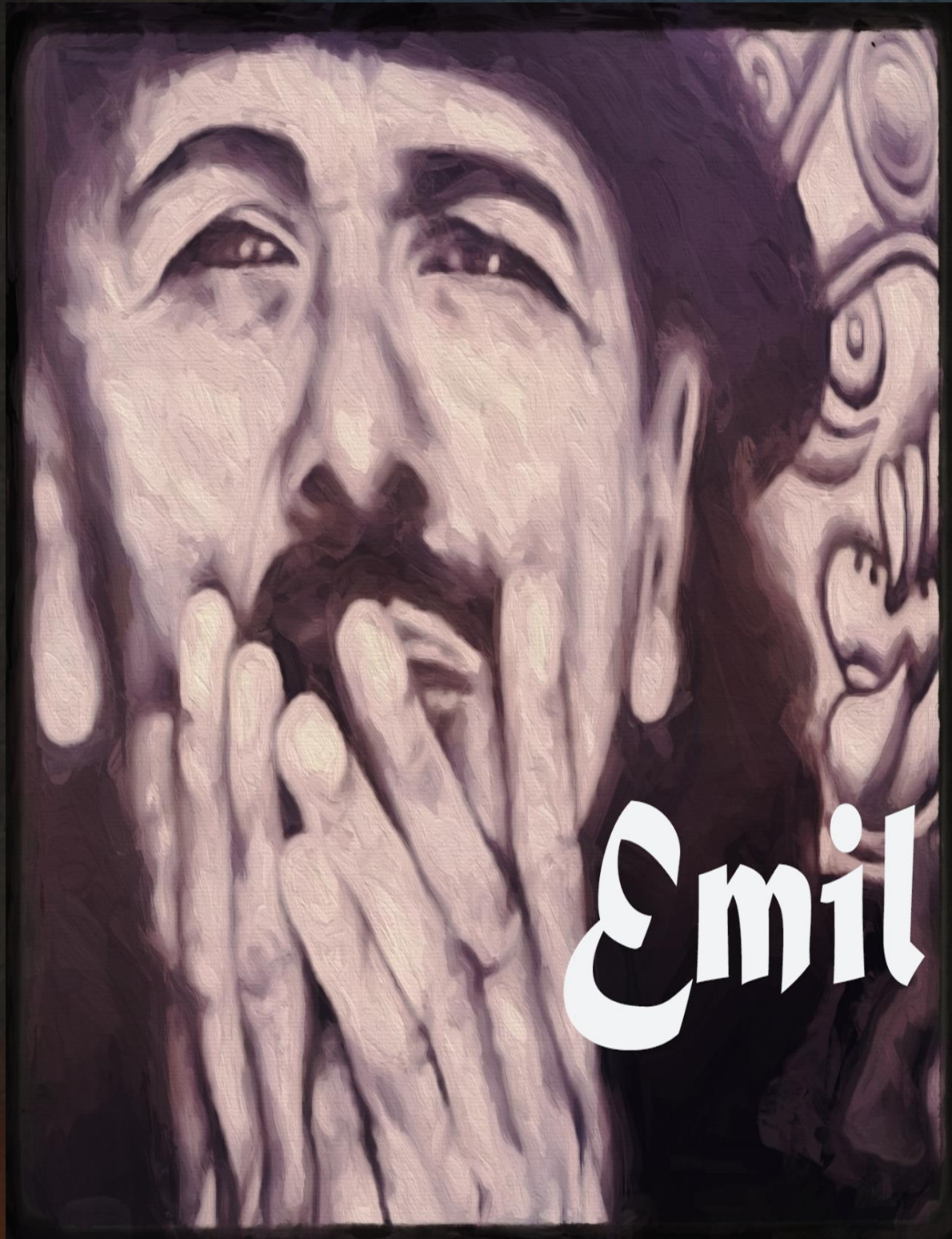
This is where a South Viet Nam General (who no one remembers his name...

KNEW THE PICTURE...HUE 1968



I don't...do you?) who was just been informed that other man in the foto had, hardly thirty minutes before, executed an entire family including several very small children because the father had supported the Southern Government... Without thought...he was in fluid motion...a man on fire...if you ever see the video...there is an almost Zen nature to the mechanics of his actions... He proved that he was a leader, no consulting with legal, not a second of deliberation...no running it by some focus group... He was self-focused and you could see in his eyes, he understood the righteousness of his deed... He picked up a pistol and became judge, jury and executioner...

KNEW THE PICTURE...HUE 1968



Not many, even today, know this back story...

At the time...

This was the picture that turned the world's opinion...

It was the photo that lost the Southerners the war!

The foto was a damnation and was served up to prove that the Northerners had right on their side and was widely viewed as a demonstration to the wickedness of these American Puppets in the South.

It made the struggle against the North futile as how you could defend such cruel allies as this picture in its Nazi-like composition...supplied without a narrative to give true meaning to the event and it may have done more to end

KNEW THE PICTURE...HUE 1968



the war than anyone is willing, yet, to admit.

Here it was, here in this alley...

Fresh...

Raw...

A totally different interpretation and meaning in this mural...this could be any scene from some future protection, event happening as we speak in East LA or even Bangkok...

See, this is why these alleys in San Francisco's Mission District are important to walkabout, a Shaman's Path or a pilgrim's journey...

Just absorb the history, pounder, thirst to follow these paths to find the people who are/were so important that they deserved a mural to prime your interest in their legacy...

A painting of two women with flower crowns. The woman on the left is shown from the chest up, facing slightly to the right with her eyes closed. She has dark hair and wears a crown of yellow and orange flowers. The woman on the right is shown in profile, facing left, also wearing a similar flower crown. She has dark hair and is wearing a dark, possibly black, garment. The background is a mix of blue, green, and orange tones, suggesting a natural setting. The painting style is expressive, with visible brushstrokes and a rich color palette. The word "Emil" is written in a large, white, serif font in the lower right corner of the painting.

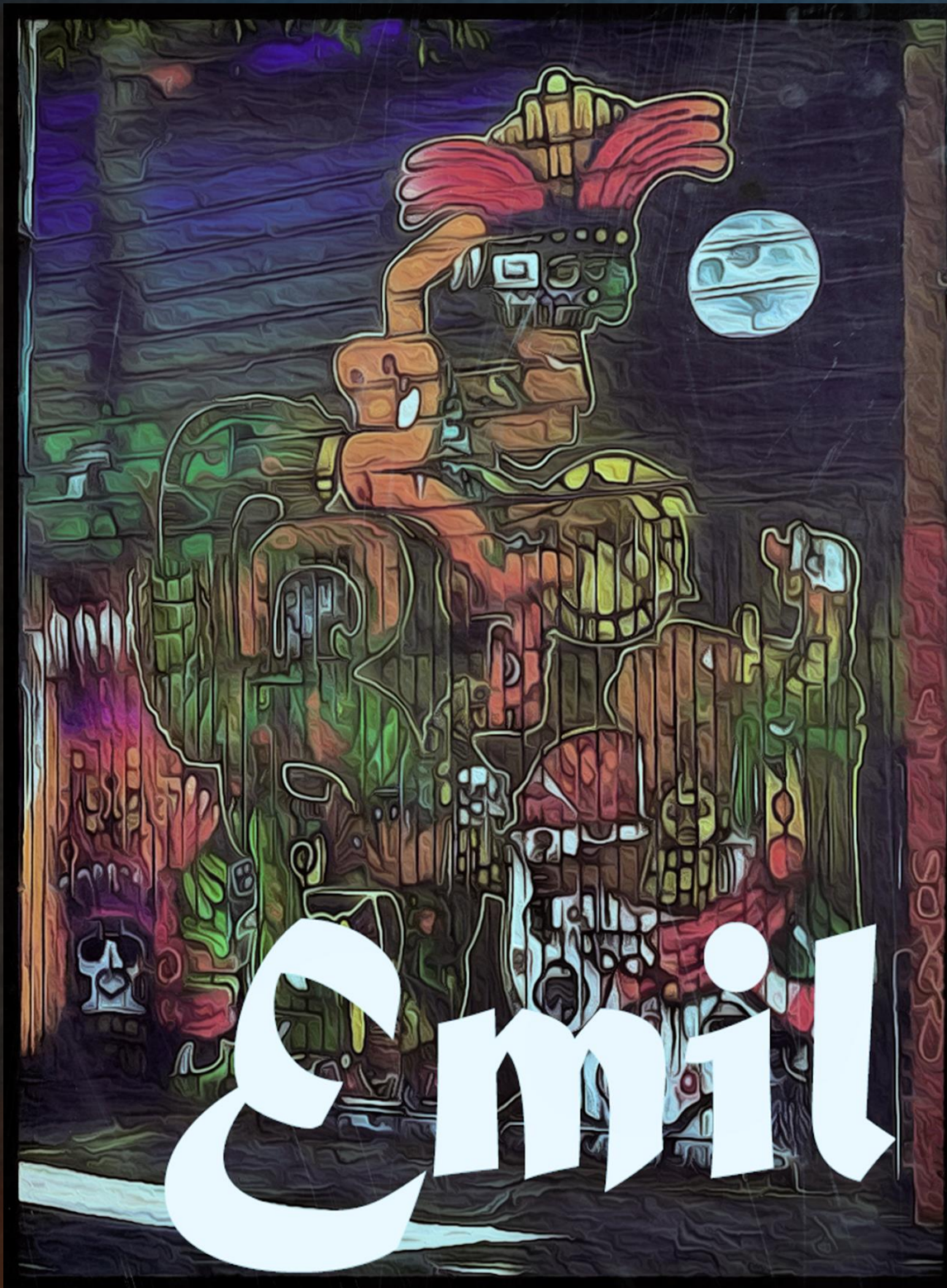
Emil

Day Three: The Adventure Still Continues...



Emil

Day Three: The Adventure Still Continues...



A less eventful start to the morning as the hotel had the heat working and the shower water was kind of warm but, the shower curtain was anything but that and we succeeded to flooding the bathroom which was (I am sure) a joy to the people in the room below...

Waking up to a dipping ceiling...

Otherwise, we were ready to greet yet another day of alley surfing here in the Mission District...

Right outside the double door from the lobby out to the parking lot...off to the corner of my eyes was what resembled an Aztec Temple Wall glimmering in the red, strong rays of the sun dawning on the late, great, waning days of a doomed Krypton. Being accused by the hotel staff to urban explorers that they believed us to be,

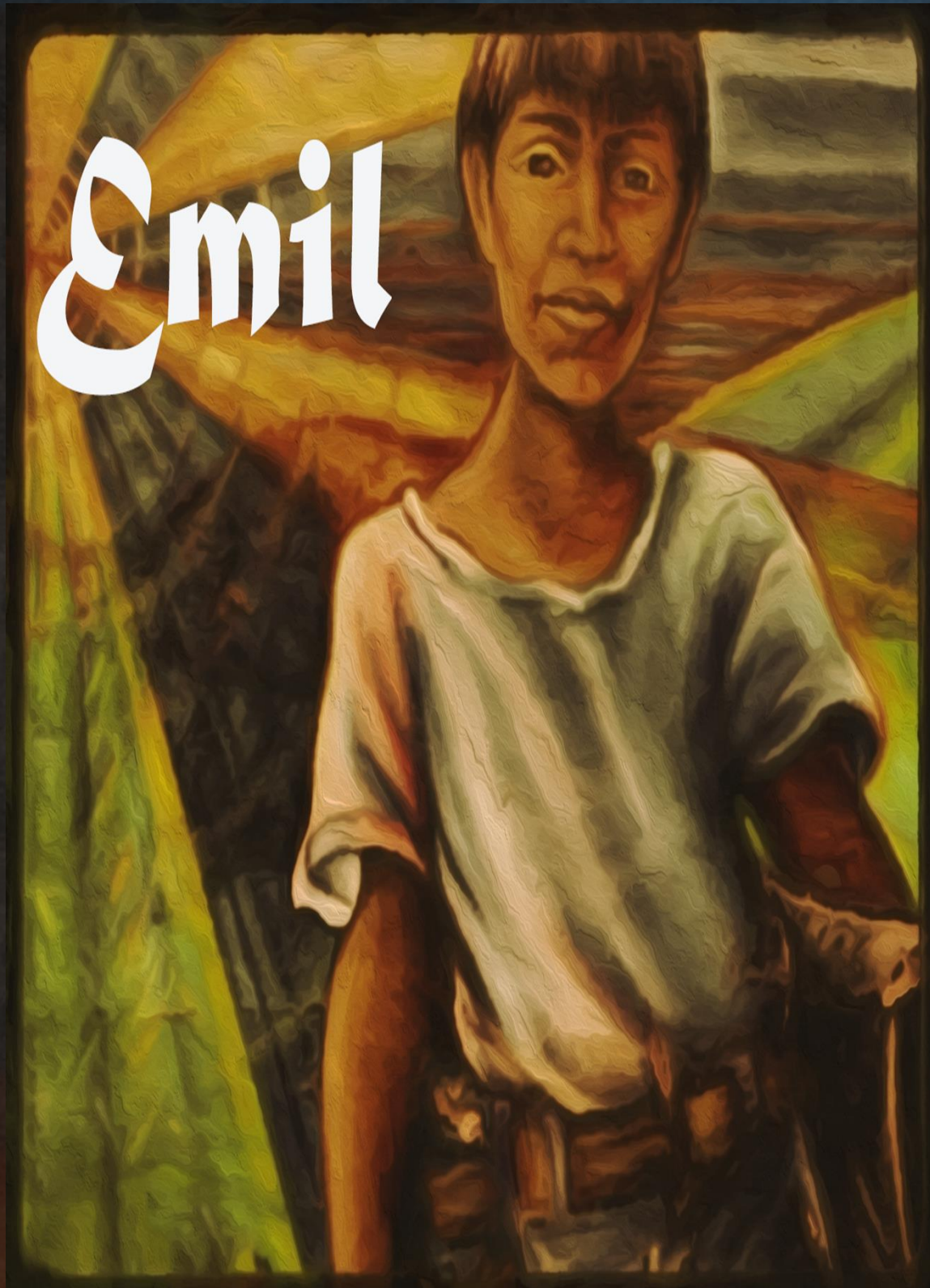
Day Three: The Adventure Still Continues...



I announced that we will (at first) be working our way around the parked cars and scaled the retaining wall the prevented direct access to the Aztec Wall. The mural was clearly Aztec by its outward design as it was cluttered with an overwhelming vision of, it was very much the traditional Aztec Theme in the retelling of the grand mythologies of their greatest god, Quetzalcoatl.

Quetzalcoatl, I will never understand as he was like this old, white dude with a beard...rarely if ever seen walking through a market square anywhere in Central America...well, that was until Cortez showed up on the beach one day and showed the world how batshit crazy he really was by burning his boats and then marching his small band of not so merry men inland...

Day Three: The Adventure Still Continues...



Personally, I believe that in fact the whole myth of Quetzalcoatl was created by none other than Cortez's advance and marketing men to not justify the coming slaughter, his being raised to godship status and his right to claim the land and all of its great treasures...

How many Aztecs were there left to challenge his story when even all of the temple statues were a dead ringer for him?

The mural was out of place here in San Francisco as the main theme echoed the 2008 battle cry of yet another great, happy warrior, Grand Paddy McCain and his sidekick, Little Sister Sara...

He cried...

"...BUILD that Damn Wall!"

Day Three: The Adventure Still Continues...



This is a theme that seems closer at home in East Los Angeles than it would San Francisco.

What gives here?

Then, again, the Mission District is all about the passages of immigrants and their ragged pathway to a better life...

So, why couldn't we have refugees, immigrants from East Los Angeles flooding into the district...?

Right now...

Illegally?

But, who is the dude with the ray ban aviator sunglasses and why is he on the American side of the fence?

In fact, upon a closer look, they all are?

MUM? Interesting?

Has anyone called and told Little Sister Sara about this?

Day Three: The Adventure Still Continues...



EDITOR NOTES: We have removed Little Sister Sara's Palin's home phone number here...Shame on you Emil!

I just thought she would like to know and I can't call...as there is that small issue of the restraining order which includes my inability to call her (especially collect calls) and from making any more 1-800 phone calls to Preacher Oral Roberts... Long story that both seem to be rather humorous tales, here in these latter days! Is it my fault that they can't take a joke or see the perfect sense of using those conversations to make a brilliant sound board?

I am prevented from rightfully being the new conservative Paul Revere, in raising the red flag of warning to what could be

Day Three: The Adventure Still Continues...



the greatest, is this the massive illegal invasion that she so predicted back in her heydays, when she brought the traditional wonders of bigoted fear back to America's main square when she and old Grand Pappy McCain ran for El Presidente...don't ya all remember? I plead you to heed my urgent request call her!

Well...?

Will you all call and tell Little Sister Sara!?!

Sara, they have made it has far as the Mission District!

Let it not be asked

“Where were you and the First Dude when the Mission District was lost?”

Where you sitting on the rooftop with your chilled Moosehead, long-necks (another

Day Three: The Adventure Still Continues...



twelve pack if you don't mind now, please?) and trying to see if you could still see Russia?

Technically and legally, it is true that we stole the whole state of California from them...they had title deed...they possessed all the proper paperwork to prove their proper ownership – so much that even the Russians accepted it as proof of ownership...and they stayed up north, in what was to become Oregon. Yes! It is also true that it has been a long time since we (America) made any payments...not a single rent check was ever forwarded to the Mexican Government.

I am guessing that after all of these years, their bill collectors got tired of not being able to raise an answer to their numerous calls, seems that they couldn't get through

Day Three: The Adventure Still Continues...



to the actual US Government...maybe, it was due to all those government shut downs...did you guys remember to pay the phone bill the Ma Bell at AT&T or was it just that none of you congressional people, that none of you...speakee Spanish other than Taco Bell?

Or once you knew that you were talking to a bill collector, you pretended not to....that is always good until they get someone calling that speakee American... I am sure that in the 150 plus years, you guys got creative...

“America? They moved! They pulled out in the middle of night...stiffed me too! If you find them, give me a call...Thanks!”

Really, you must have figured, now in our collective retrospect...

Yes, Little Sister Sara...

Day Three: The Adventure Still Continues...



We should have figured that this day was coming (don't pay the bill for over 150 years) and it becomes crystal clear that we were living here in the South-West on 150 plus years solely on borrowed time and it now seems so clear that it was only a matter of time before they would just come north to repossess the state for none payment...

So, hey! Yo!

You congressional people...

You talked to them on the phone?

Didn't you?

So, what are we talking about?

Is this a rental eviction or an actual foreclosure?

Does this mean that we are going to need to pack and move?

Are they gonna change our locks?

America...Shame on ya!!!!

Day Three: The Adventure Still Continues...



Dudes!

This is gonna kill your credit score and who knows who will be next to get on this band wagon?

Will Russia show up with a St. Petersburg, Municipal Court Order to take back our dear Little Sister Sara's great state of Alaska...?

Is this the next domino to fall?

Fearfully, I am pondering...

Oh...the humanity of it all!

Please be advised, Little Sister Sara we have taken pictures of their mural to show you that is a serious threat that we now face...

We are sending them up to your office by priority mail...should get them in a couple days.

Where are you?

Day Three: The Adventure Still Continues...



We hope that you and the First Dude will move on promptly on this and mobilize the First Dude Brigade before the sheriff shows up and puts us out in the street... Or they might actual forcibly deport us to Nevada...and as I very well know those little Mormon Communities over there and how they really feel about Californian People (it ain't nice I will forewarn you)...not sure how welcome we will be and now add to the mix that we are now economic refugees...flooding their state with little or no resources other than the hand luggage we had brought with us and no jobs... I can already see refugee camps cropping up across the desert wastelands outside of Vegas...or maybe they will just decide to reopen the Japanese Resettlement Camps

Day Three: The Adventure Still Continues...



that populated the desert scenery, here in World War 2...

If we are allowed to stay longer term?
So we are surly hoping that, unlike when we were kids...and we whistled as we pass this mural of the American Credit grave yard...we pray that you and your legion of Facebook followers will put down those Mooseheads and spring to our defense...

A few bucks to help with moving costs, if nothing else, would be deeply appreciated...

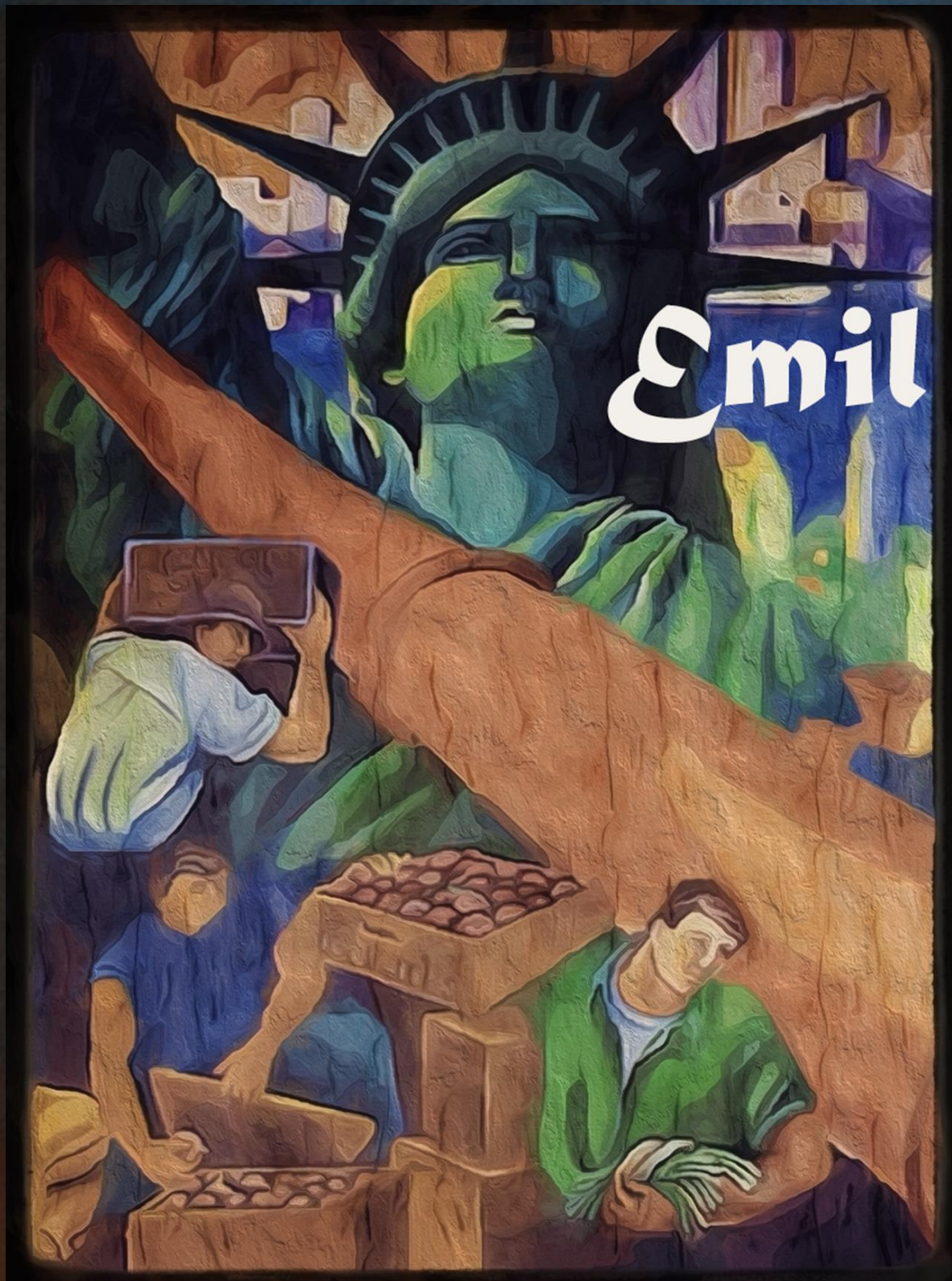
Sara, could we all just come up and immigrate to Alaska?

Could we find work?

I'm willing to wash dishes!

Will you accept a reverse-the-fees phone call as my cell phone isn't working and the operator only speaks Spanish...?

Day Three: The Adventure Still Continues...



“Deliver us further down the road...Little Sister Sara?”

EDITOR NOTE: As a responsible publisher, WWVG wishes to express that Emil’s claim of the immediate, impending evacuation of the state of California and likewise, Emil’s encouragement of massive, illegal immigration (regardless that it seems that the immigrants would be fellow Americans) to Alaska...seems to be a felony in the state of Alaska or so Governor’s Palin’s Office confirmed to us in a series of rather heated and angry phone calls to WWVG’s main offices (here in Singapore) which warned us to never think of taking a Caravel Cruise to Alaska...or we would surly regret it... It seems that our legal staff has confirmed

Day Three: The Adventure Still Continues...



that under the 2005 Joe Vogler Act, anyone who promoted the unauthorized immigration to Alaska can be legally drawn in quarters and fed to the rabbit caribous...

As such, we will merely add here and now that Emil's views politically, environmentally or even if Emil is quoting the Weather Channel about tomorrow's weather, this is not representative of WWVG's Editorial Standards as are governed under the Corporate Responsibility laws here in Singapore and have a lick of common sense.

Thank you!



Emil

LONG THOUGHT ONLY A MYTH



Here in this small cafe is solid proof that when water buffalos were first brought to this country in the 1870's, they were brought in to the country partially to race as there was a shortage of horses to race out in the gold rush mining towns but there was no shortage of small Chinese Dudes to jockey them...so came into being the American Water Buffalo Racing Circuit. Long thought to be an old farmer's tale, an urban legend shared after the rail workers had a nip or two too much to drink or that they were trying to impress some fancy girl in the saloon.

While it is true that like these early Chinese Immigrants, they too were brought here to work on the railroads, there is only seldom footnoted rumors remaining that tell of their other and if true, greater role in the Water Buffalo Circuit Racing.

LONG THOUGHT ONLY A MYTH



The legend traveled with the advance of the Union Pacific Railroad's to boldly unite the new nation in a ribbon of steel. Finally, with the railroads built, the Chinese Immigrants filtered back into San Francisco...most seeking passage back home but, they lacked the money to pay their passage to the greedy, Yankee Ship Masters and were forced to take up camp in San Francisco.

It was here that the memory lingers as the rail workers gave up hope of returning home, they found little work as San Francisco's Dandy Class held the long gone water buffalos in higher esteem than they did for the huddling masses of workers whose dedicated and hard labor made American originally great...

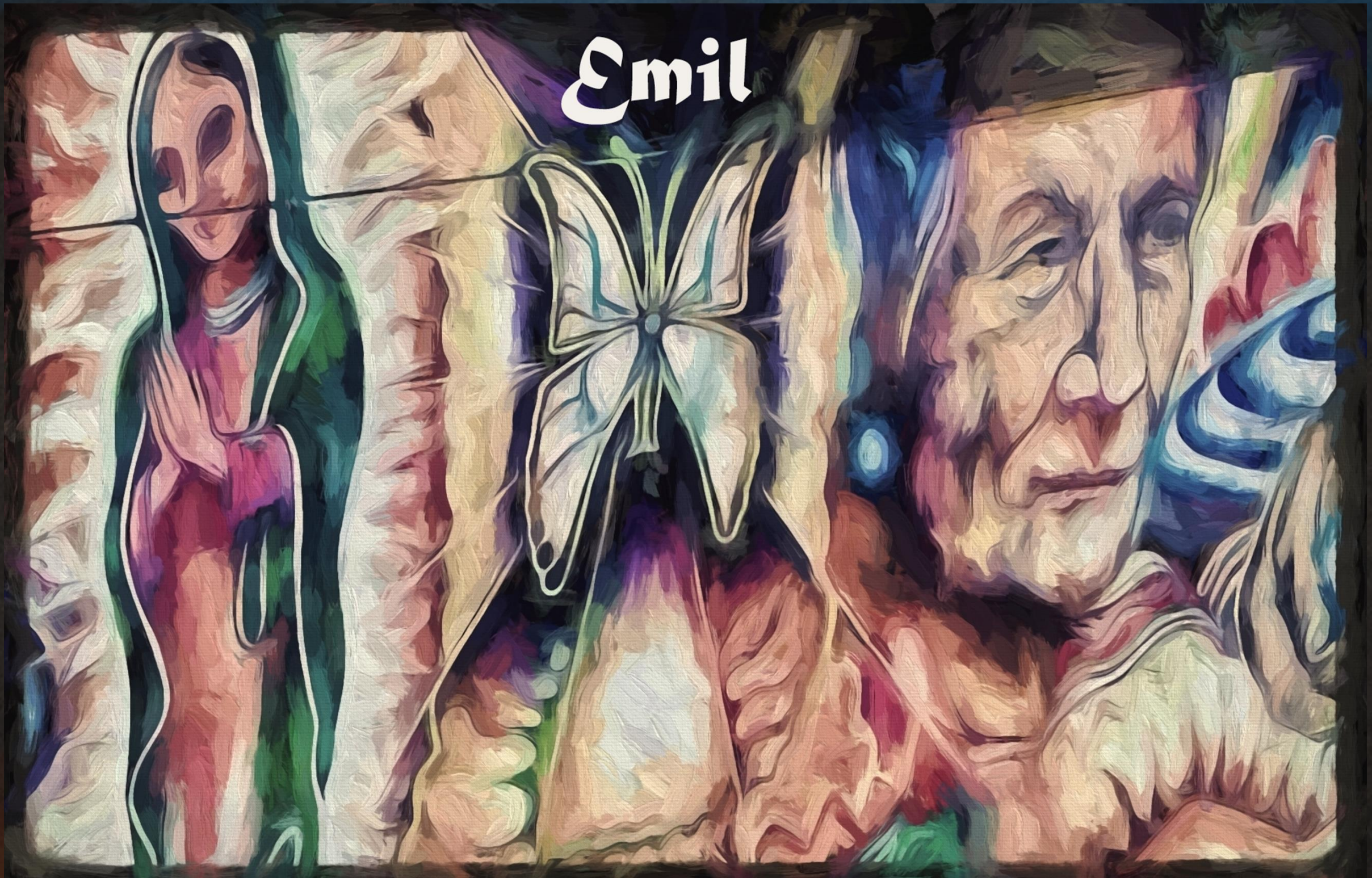
LONG THOUGHT ONLY A MYTH



The majestic athletes, the water buffalo riders were reduced to laundry work when they were too old, became too crippled or were just unable to race anymore... And in the end, the buffalos ended up in Mining Camp's Stew...

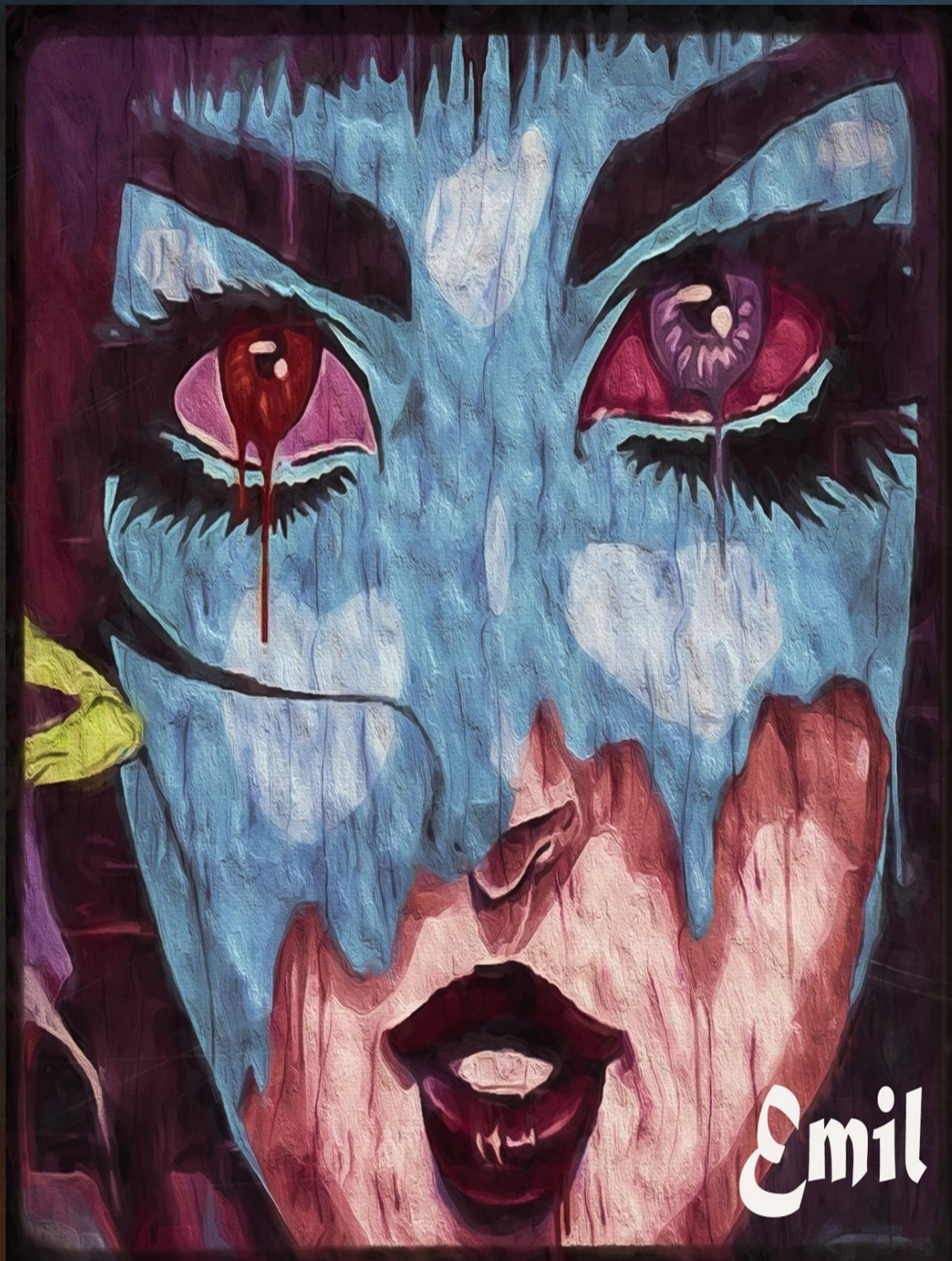


DAY FOUR: ACROSS FROM THE SAFEWAY



Emil

DAY FOUR: ACROSS FROM THE SAFEWAY



Across the street from the Safeway, I was sitting and waiting for the bus to take me back over to the Mission District...a final day of wondering up and down the Mission's Alleys and more fun exploring the area and doing a little Alley Surfing. I like the buses of San Francisco, especially since I am a great people watcher and the cross section of rider's would give anyone pause to sense the human drama and I always end up playing that old kid's game of "Who are they really...and, what are they really doing?"

You remember playing that as a kid, don't ya?

See!

What did I tell you?

Hey, the guy across the street...a sleeping

DAY FOUR: ACROSS FROM THE SAFEWAY



bum?

Or a SanFran Police Nark on a stake out?
Could be either or it could be both...

Dude!

This is the Mission District!

How about that odd lady hovering behind
him? What ya think?

I think she's getting ready to mug the
sleep hobo.

Really?

Wow!

I thought that was Flo? You remember, now
don't you? That is Flo from our tour
group...Remember her?

Well, maybe...maybe she could be...

Really?

She could be a SanFran Nark, too...?

Didn't she just tell us yesterday, that she
was a retired teacher from Phoenix?

DAY FOUR: ACROSS FROM THE SAFEWAY



Why?

Because she lives right down the street from us...

Don't think that she could hack the commute every day from Phoenix, do you? What you mean you don't want to play anymore?

You can see that the cultural, artistic torch has been picked up by the younger generation and that I have faith that the alley galleries...this great exercise in American Folk Art...will be able to struggle along for yet another season....although, haunted and much chased by that youngster, the Government Gangster from the Housing Authority and his "paint-it-over" gang of civil servant painters...

DAY FOUR: ACROSS FROM THE SAFEWAY



Interesting that the new generation's themes are more video or animated inspired and as second or third generation, they don't tell a story that us oldsters can really grasp without a series of long, complicated conversations with kids who are poster children for attention deficit disorders...

Maybe, this is actually a positive testament to the dreams that inspired their grandparents to leave behind everything in the old world and that they had ever known in order to follow the difficult gauntlet, a jagged and dangerous path here to the shining beacon that the Mission District once was and is still...that it must be to all of the amassed, the fabled huddled masses of the legions of the many...the willing...those who are still

DAY FOUR: ACROSS FROM THE SAFEWAY



waiting to pay the heavy price...suffer the insults, taunts of
“NO IRISH OR DOGS ALLOWED IN THIS BAR!”
The constant threats of violence or deportation...the seemingly endless requests for proof of citizenship...E-Verification and the endless racist taunts from those only one or two generations removed from the realities of their own parents' immigration...over here and down at our borders and they amass in seeking their chance to chase the American Dream down the rabbit hole.

An open notebook with a painting of a woman's face and butterflies. The painting is done in a style that looks like a collage or a mixed media work, with a focus on the woman's face and the butterflies. The woman's face is the central element, with her eyes looking directly at the viewer. She has dark hair and is wearing a dark top. The background of the painting is a mix of colors, including shades of blue, green, and brown. There are several butterflies of different colors (blue, orange, black) scattered around the woman's face. The notebook is open, showing two pages. The painting is spread across both pages. The word "Emil" is written in a large, white, serif font across the middle of the notebook. The notebook is placed on a dark, textured surface.

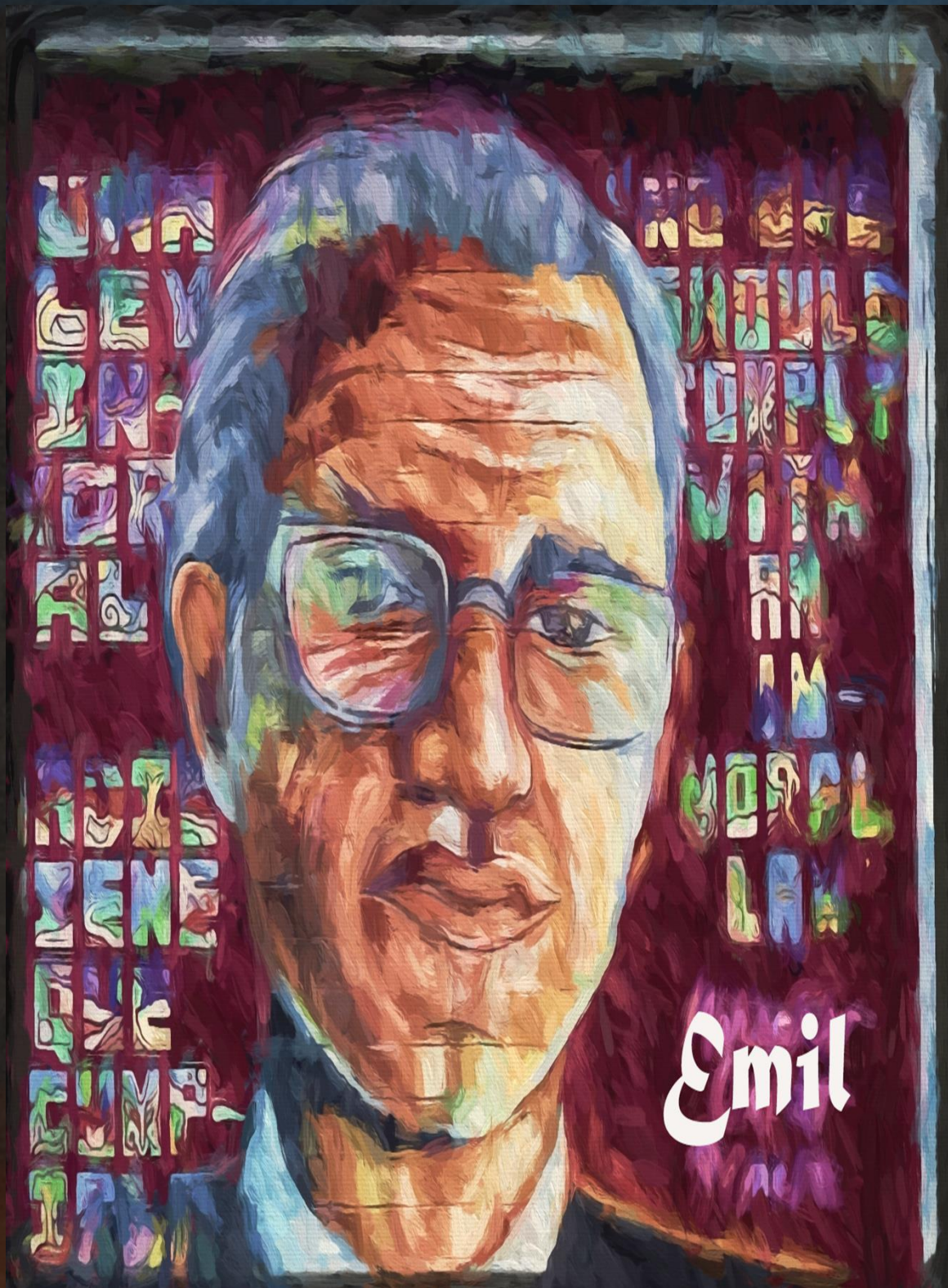
Emil

LITTLE DOUBT...



Emil

LITTLE DOUBT...



There is little doubt that I have seen this guy hanging out, down over at the Mission's Soup Kitchen or was he one of the guys who introduced us to Thunderbird with a Boones Farms chaser the other day? Man...I am still smarting from that experience.

I swear my liver and my kidneys really did shut down in protest to the lighter fluid that I was forcing upon them.

Oh Well!

Hey...Maybe, this guy is famous?
Maybe he is wanted by Interpol?
Maybe...Maybe...

Maybe?

I hear you mumble and look at me with that evil stare that is meant for me to shut up and to get back on the task at hand.

"But...isn't this our task as Urban Explorers?"

LITTLE DOUBT...



I kindly responded in a pleasant scream of displeasure at your demand for me to shut up.

“There you go again!”

You said and turned to walk away.

Yes...I know that I promised to stop playing that stupid kid’s game that I was playing on the bus.

“But...don’t you...aren’t you interested in who this is...?”

I pleaded with you as I tried to encourage and usher you back to the storefront gallery of second hand, donated and faded art.

Maybe; he has his picture up on the wall over in the post Office too? (SORRY!!!)

This wasn’t a wall mural but, a painting that was showcased in a window display of the Army of the Salvation’s store of

LITTLE DOUBT...



thrift...there over in the corner of the window's display!

See it?

Right behind that very tasteful, I haven't seen this good of a black velvet Matador since the late 1960's...

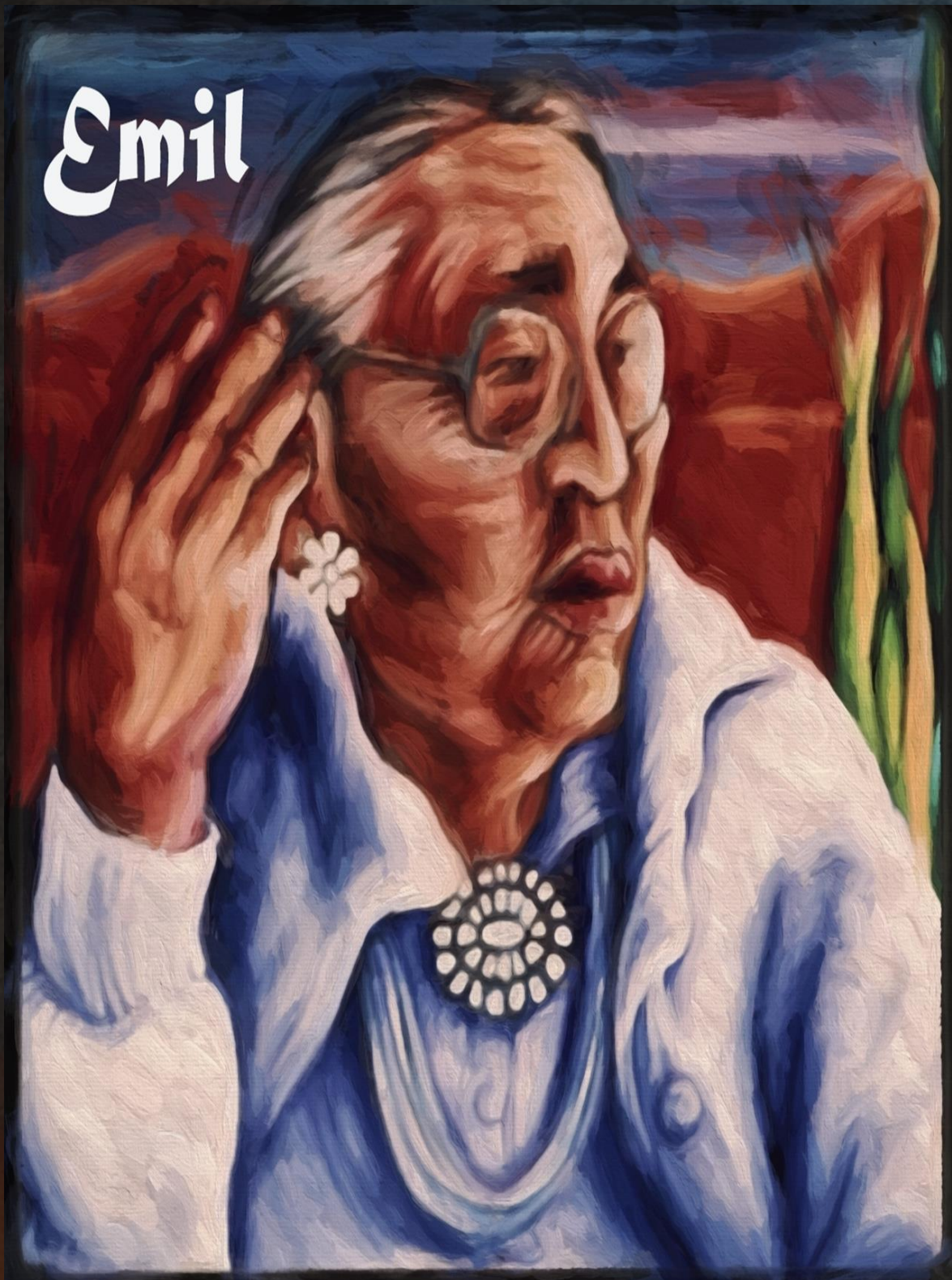
See it now?

Right by the classic poster of the dogs playing poker...this shop was a local, bargain store that specializes in second hand goods and an occasion treasure or two.

Against everyone's wishes, I went in to the store and slyly asked the clerk at the cash register about the picture. I don't know if the store's clerk was having a bad day or if he gets a lot of tourists asking him about the person in the painting?

And of course, I had to make a scene

LITTLE DOUBT...



about the guy's rudeness and then I started to tell him that I was (wink...wink) the neighborhood's most feared person... "Yes I am from the Housing Authority and...citizen, unless, you answer my question...Right NOW! Directly...I will have my civil servant, painting crew down here and I will have them paint your display window...in a heartbeat, I will...Trust me! Now answer my question! Who is in that picture? Is it a local? A Terrorist, I think?" (Government Gangsters always use words like this...Hey! I saw it on Matlock!) Later, after we worked our way through all of your "My God! What were you thinking?" I smiled and recalled "Remembered how the blood drained from the rude clerk's

LITTLE DOUBT...

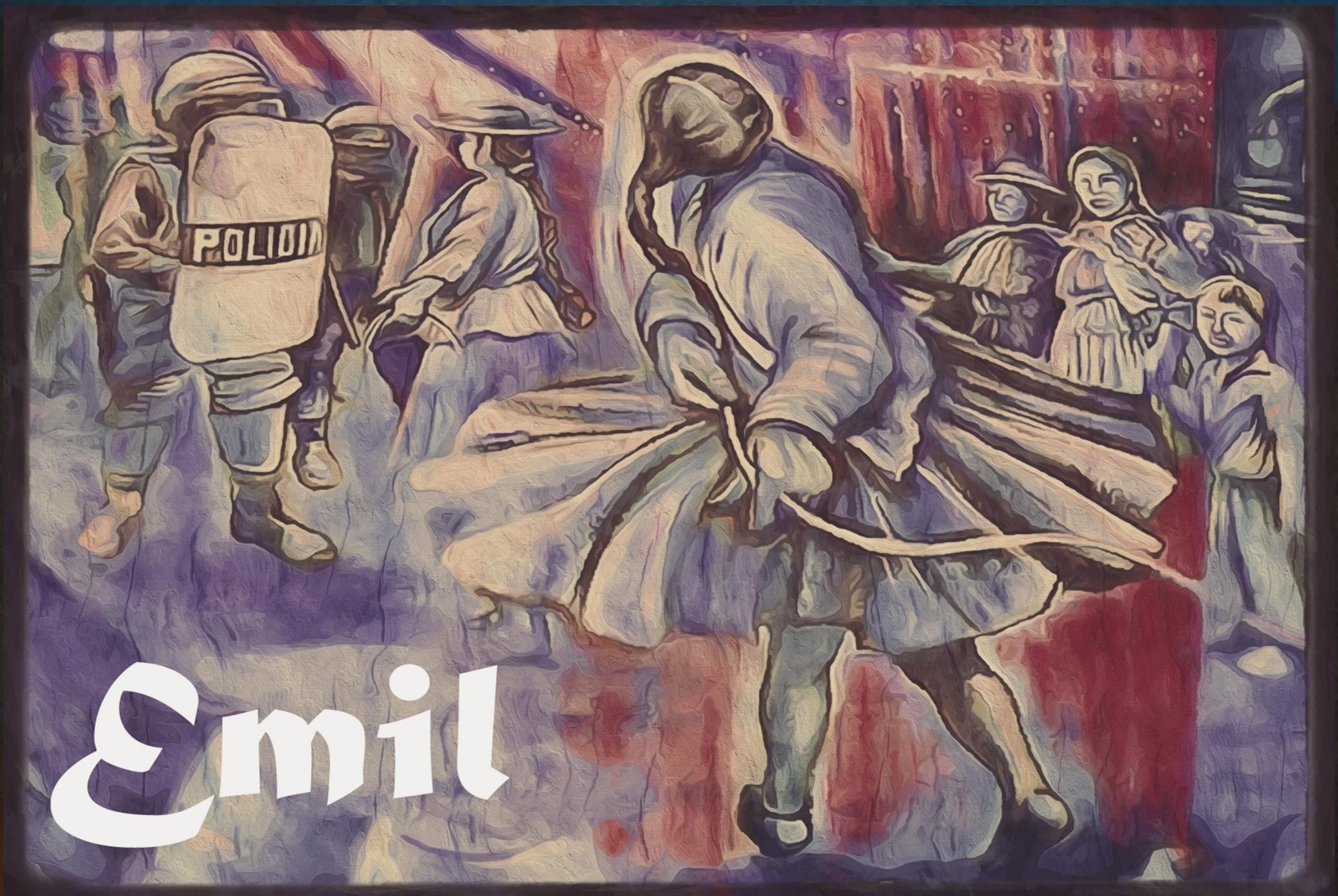


face and did you see him shaking as he pulled the donation records for the painting?”

Seems that the picture was dropped off at the donation bin over by the alley and even though he offered me the painting at his employee discount I had to decline...

“That would be corruption!!!”

I told him and walked out the door.



Emil

SS DEATH HEAD BUNNIES:



L'Inconnue de la Seine

— Street side, Mission District

In lasting memory to those who died for the Angora Rabbit Project - a WW2, SS-administered program to breed rabbits in the eastern district concentration camps... Is this a warning, a promotion and an actual attempt to corrupt cute, little bunnies in some mad scheme to fund the Fourth Reich?

Didn't see any skinheads?

Although, the old guy who passed us doing a very fast pace, high-stepping, marshaled goose step (which was at first glimpse, very impressive for a man of his advanced age) might have been a clue in retrospect...

SS DEATH HEAD BUNNIES:



L'Inconnue de la Seine

– Street side, Mission District

Wonder if anyone ever checked their papers when they came here after the war?

If they had been from Guatemala...
Maybe they would still be?

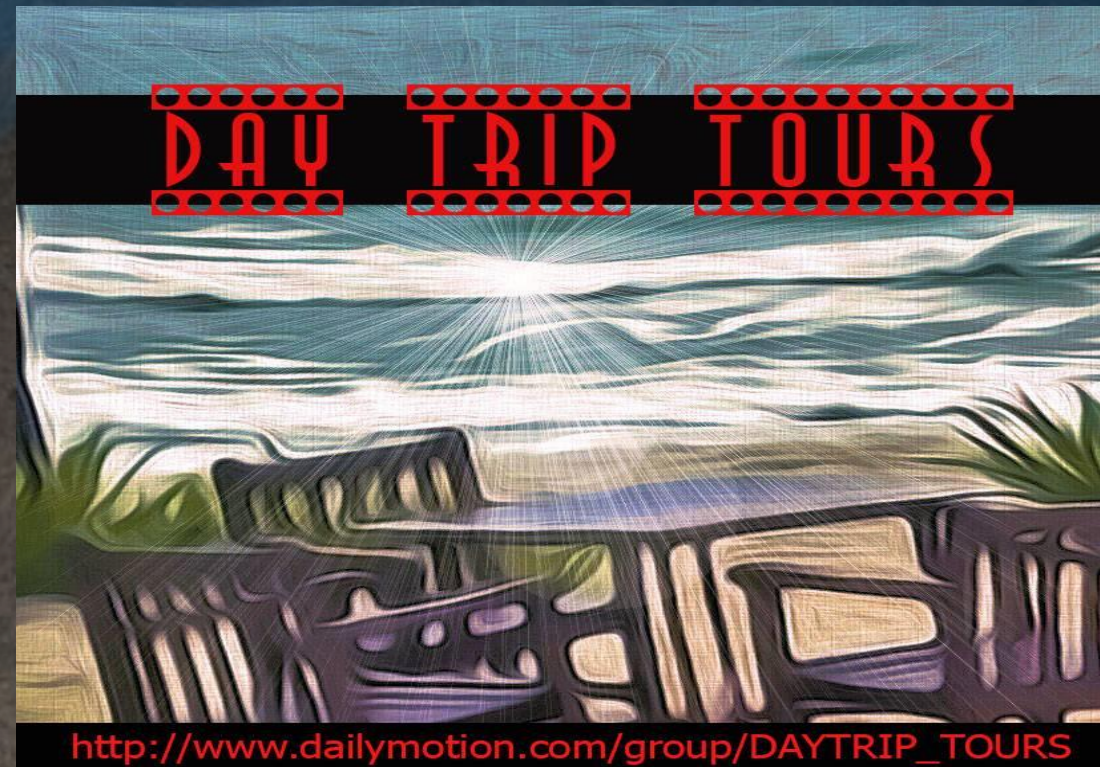
Emil



Emil

At Day Trip Tours, we can turn simple sightseeing into an artistic, bold adventures at a most reasonable rate...

Simple vacations at Disneyland can be quickly turned into a spy, mysteries...with you in the center...Do you get the girl? It's simple...you decide!



<http://www.youtube.com/user/fredgwest1999>

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